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OF

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THE CONFERENCE.

THE extremely remarkable proceedings in the House of Commons on Monday require, perhaps, the less comment in that the judgment of all reasonable men upon them is in effect the same. It would be useless to argue with any one who supposes that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN, in an interview for that purpose made and provided (Mr. FORSTER and, let us say, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN acting as umpires, to see fair and to exchange personal expressions of good will), definitely arranged the singular departure from practice and precedent which occurred on that day. It would be equally useless to argue with any one who supposes that the Liberal majority played any other part than that of the several police constables whom, on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, Mr. WINKLE implored his friend not to summon. The Government majority has not been in the habit of voting solid with Mr. GOSCHEN lately; it has still less been in the habit of voting solid against Mr. GLADSTONE. Nor, if any person affects to ignore the fact that, after not pleading any public reasons for refusing a day, Mr. GLADSTONE, in a paroxysm of candour, felt constrained to plead such reasons when the day arrived, is that person any more worthy of argument than his kindred just referred to. The last touch to the removal of any intelligent doubt on the point must be given by the fact (hitherto unnoticed in most discussions of the subject) that Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, after being proof against the invitation to withdraw his amendment, voted against the only motion which could have made the discussion of that amendment possible. These things speak for themselves. So wide a departure from established Parliamentary precedent might seem to involve no few dangers in the future, if it were not that the dangers of the present make it unnecessary to explore futurity. It need only be remarked that in logic and common sense no vote of want of confidence was ever more decisive than that by which a whole party refused to follow their leaders into the division lobby on a question of vital importance. But these are considerations of a somewhat unpractical kind. The character of the whole proceeding cannot be better indicated than by the fact that those Ministerialists who vituperated most loudly the Conservative party in the House of Commons for persisting in a Vote of Censure when Ministers tacitly accepted it, have been loudest in sneering at Lord CARNARVON for withdrawing his Vote of Censure when Ministers broke their silence. To a certain number of journalists and speakers of the present day it would appear that all political wisdom is summed up in abusing the House of Lords.

The circumstances of the fact being left out of question, the fact itself is not one for very acute grief. It has become evident that Mr. GLADSTONE's promise to submit the Anglo-French Agreement to Parliament was purely illusory; that he would, in the event of a debate, have sheltered himself under the Conference, and that his followers would have taken advantage of his plea to vote as he presumably wished them to vote, and perhaps for a proposition more directly damaging to the interests of England than the proposition, or rather the absence of any proposition, which was voted on Monday. Thus the Government might have obtained a greater support for their mischievous proposals than they have actually obtained. As it is, the discreditable jockeying which has been practised has time to sink into that rather slowly receptive

soil, the average mind of the average Englishman; the ruinous terms already agreed on will be considered longer, and the impossibility of the financial projects in any way improving the situation will be gradually established. It is a just reflection that, among the numerous amendments to Mr. BRUCE's motion, not one expressed approval of the Government proposals as far as they are known. It is an equally just reflection that the financial proposals, when communicated, can hardly by any possibility make the state of things better. And it is perhaps a juster still that that all-important element in the problem which is called the State of Egypt is not to be affected by protocolling, and must in the last resort condition the settlement. As before, it is idle to consider the particular drafts of the scheme to be laid before the Conference which have been published. In so far as they are trustworthy, they are much less the result of positive information than of more or less intelligent guesswork dealing with the known facts of the case. These facts are the really important thing; and it is by the consideration of them, and by that consideration alone, that really valuable light on the subject can be obtained.

The ingenuity of LAW, of the younger PITT, and of Mr. GLADSTONE combined would fail to discover more than four means by which, in combination or separately, Egyptian finance can be set on its legs again. Those three ways are a reduction of interest on debt, reduction or redistribution of taxation, reduction of expenditure, and advance at low interest of a sum to clear off present liabilities and give time for the resources of the country, aided by the three first remedies, to meet the situation. The application of these four methods of relief must depend first on the decision of the Conference; secondly, on the administration of Egyptian affairs which follows the Conference. Now it can be shown that in almost every possible event the chances of the application of these methods (the Anglo-French understanding being taken as understood) are against England and against Egypt. The Conference would no doubt gladly assent to the advance by England of any sum that England is willing to advance on the condition, already published and acknowledged, that England is at a very brief distance of time to lose all control of Egyptian affairs. But it is by no means certain that the Conference would assent to the reduction of interest on the debt, except on the Suez Canal shares belonging to England (on which no doubt, as on the other head, England is welcome to make any sacrifice she pleases), and it is certain that in France the fiercest opposition will be made to any such proposal. The reduction or redistribution of taxation directly affects the foreign colony in Egypt, and large numbers of the subjects of at least four of the Great Powers besides England would be affected by it. Still more would these persons be affected by a recasting of the Egyptian Administration so as to reduce expenses, it being notorious that large numbers of Frenchmen and somewhat smaller numbers of Italians and others are at present quartered on the Egyptian revenue as pensioners, and worse than pensioners. Thus on the three chief methods of economy lively opposition in the Conference, supposing them to be proposed, is nearly certain. This is a sufficiently unpromising prospect; but it is, as far as England is concerned, rosy beside the prospect which succeeds—that of the three years' (or any number of years') administration under notice to quit with a criticizing and interfering body ever present in the Caisse, and with all the Powers entitled by

virtue of the imminent internationalizing of Egypt and the Canal to meddle on any pretext with the conduct of affairs. Putting aside altogether the almost autocratic position—the position, at any rate, of unquestioned vantage—which England gives up in exchange for this burdensome and impossible assigneeship, putting aside the useless sacrifices which the past has seen, and the purposeless burdens which the future is to impose, the new position itself is one which no private man of business would think of accepting as the manager of a private estate. Nor is it superfluous to insist on this, even though the initial improbability of the Conference coming to a satisfactory conclusion may seem to make the subject one of secondary importance. For the result of Mr. GLADSTONE's tortuous policy in reference to the agreement is that it is impossible to separate it from the Conference, or to separate the Conference from it. As far as it is possible to grasp the Government view, it would seem that Agreement and Conference both are regarded by Mr. GLADSTONE as a slow but effectual way of abandoning Egypt altogether, without the odium which such an abandonment would cause in England if it were announced *simpliciter*. Unfortunately for him, foreign nations do not see the right thing in the same light. No one of them but France is directly anxious to get England out of Egypt; every one of them but France would have been perfectly willing to continue England indefinitely there as vicegerent of Europe with full powers. But when they are asked to submit to losses inflicted on their subjects, and to take part in a troublesome and thankless condominium to please the ambition of France and aid the modesty of Mr. GLADSTONE, they may be excused for exhibiting no great enthusiasm on the subject. After the recent conduct of the English Ministry, no one of them can be supposed to be good-naturedly anxious that England shall not cut her own throat. But they may reasonably object to the request that they shall pay for the razor.

THE CITY COMPANIES COMMISSION.

THE destiny of the City Companies was determined from the moment when a body of Liberal Commissioners was charged with an inquiry into their constitution and circumstances. The appointment of so eminent a *doctrinaire* as Lord DERBY to the office of Chairman removed any doubts which might otherwise have been entertained. The presence of some great proprietors on the Commission might seem at first sight to form a security for scrupulous or even excessive regard to the rights of ownership; but experienced observers know that the favourites of fortune often conciliate envy by readiness to sacrifice all privileges but their own. As it was certain that the City Companies were rich, they were doomed beforehand. Their whole property was perhaps equal in value to the private estates of two of the Commissioners, though the disposable surplus would scarcely have been missed out of the annual revenue of two wealthy peers. Noblemen of large fortune have before now been shocked by the sinecure character of college fellowships of two or three hundred a year, though the incumbents had been compelled to earn their precarious incomes by some intellectual exertion in addition to the trouble of being born. It is true that private property belongs to natural persons, while corporate bodies are creations of law. When the present Lord SHERBROOKE was young in office, having charge of a Government Bill for the transfer to another body of certain town dues, he proved with luminous force that municipalities were legal figments, incapable of acquiring proprietary rights. The result of his triumphant demonstration was that in a week half the corporations in England petitioned against the Bill, and Lord PALMERSTON summarily withdrew it. The City Companies are less powerful, and times have changed.

Popular opinion now inclines to Mr. LOWE's doctrine that funds which are not reduced into private possession are lawfully applicable to any purpose which may for the moment seem expedient. Bolder innovators witness with profound satisfaction the process of blowing up the outworks of property before its defenders retreat into the citadel. At a suitable time they will appoint Commissions to inquire whether the estates of dukes and earls may not be more advantageously applied. It will be plausibly argued that hereditary property stands on the same footing with the unmerited privileges which are enjoyed by a few thousand liverymen and members of the governing bodies of Companies. The force of precedents which are sometimes hastily

and unconsciously established finds illustration in the frequent reference to the University Commissions. The City Companies are richer than Oxford and Cambridge put together, and the duties which they discharge are undoubtedly less important. Hereafter innovating theorists will assert with additional confidence the right of Parliament to deal with property which is not even nominally clothed with a trust. Indignant purists hear with incredulous horror that a member of a Court sometimes earns as much as 150*l.* a year by attendance on committees. Larger incomes are realized by persons in comfortable circumstances through the still easier operation of signing cheques on bankers. The Lord CHANCELLOR, whose authority might perhaps be recognized if he were not a great lawyer and an hereditary Mercer, told the Commissioners that the property of the Guilds was their own, whether or not their expenditure was judicious. The Persian schoolmaster, or XENOPHON who recorded his judgment, held a similar opinion as to the claim of CYRUS to his companion's coat. It will not be difficult to find in schools, in hospitals, or perhaps in the creation of public parks, a more obviously useful employment of money than the provision of City dinners; yet it might have been well if the Commissioners had proceeded more cautiously, and shown a more tender regard for the delicate question of proprietary right.

The announcement that a City Companies Confiscation Bill is to be one of the earliest measures of the next Session is probably authentic. Sir W. HAROURT must by this time have learned that the London Government Bill is not a light undertaking, though he still professes to hope that it may be passed during the present Session. The appropriation to other purposes of the surplus funds of the City Companies will probably not provoke so formidable an opposition. The probable divergence of opinion as to alternative modes of expenditure will cause no impediment to the passing of the Bill, for a Commission will probably be appointed, as in the case of the Universities, to propose a scheme which may afterwards be adopted by Parliament. If the Archbishop of CANTERBURY is accurately informed, a part of the funds which is now devoted to religious uses will be diverted for secular purposes. The citizens of London will be almost unanimous in their repugnance to a total or partial disendowment of the Companies; but they no longer exercise their former political influence; and if they attempted a contest they would stand alone. It happens that no other town includes any similar institution, and the interests which will be indirectly affected are remote and unconscious of danger. The task of correcting an isolated anomaly will be unusually safe and easy. The majority of Liberal politicians will welcome the opportunity of practically asserting the right of the Legislature to control and redistribute collective or corporate property. The affirmation of the principle will be the more explicit because in the present case there will be no question of malversation. The Commissioners seem to have been almost surprised that the citizens of London should have administered honestly institutions to which they are heartily attached. The large part of the revenues of the Companies which has been voluntarily appropriated to the maintenance of general or technical education would not have been available for the purpose, if a Commission had recommended their disestablishment a few generations ago. The margin which remains is, like a considerable proportion of private incomes, for the most part expended on superfluities. The amount will fall to the disposal of Parliament in accordance with a tenable theory, and also because common funds are less tenaciously grasped than personal possessions.

As it is still the custom in England to compensate the holders of offices or valuable privileges for the consequences of expropriation, the sufferers by the practical suppression of the Companies will only lose a few occasional festivities and some pleasant associations. The hardship inflicted by confiscation of property held in severalty is so much graver that it appears to careless observers as if it were different in kind. The same distinction applies to the comparative enormity of taking a man's field, and obstructing or disfiguring the prospect from his windows. In the present case the injury is further mitigated by the fact that it was not unexpected. As all the circumstances of the case were generally known, the Government, by issuing a Commission, sufficiently indicated its purpose. The enemies of the Companies have probably been disappointed by the failure to discover corrupt practices; and their most sanguine friends could scarcely hope that they would be allowed to continue in full possession of their revenues.

When the principle is once established that the employment of certain corporate funds is to be regulated exclusively by considerations of utility, the defence of ceremonies and banquets becomes untenable. Schools and hospitals are obviously more useful than City dinners; yet the inference that there ought to be no more cakes and ale is perhaps not exhaustively true. The security of more important institutions may rest on firmer grounds; but it also depends largely on the instinct or habit of letting things alone. The theory that Parliament is the sole judge of the expediency of maintaining any kind of right is essentially modern. The precedent of the appropriation to novel purposes of the estates of the monasteries was founded on the assumption that the property had been dedicated to superstitious uses.

The Commissioners probably took an unnecessary precaution when they recommended that a short Act should be immediately passed to restrain the Companies from alienation of their property. There could be no question of any such proceeding on the part of such Companies as the Mercers, the Goldsmiths, and the Fishmongers; and probably even the smallest Guilds would decline to follow the example of the members of Serjeants' Inn. A division made once for all of the property which a corporate body has accumulated during hundreds of years is not even an approximate fulfilment of a legal or moral trust. In some cases the leading members of the Companies will perhaps be willing to concur with any Commission which may be appointed in promoting judicious schemes for the future application of the funds. It may be hoped that there will be no capricious attempt to deprive the governing bodies of the right and duty of administering funds which they avowedly hold as trustees. The most important function which the Companies have discharged has been to create and to cultivate a local patriotism which is probably not to be found in equal force in any other English community. The liverymen and other members of the Companies have been proud of their traditional dignity and of their connexion with the great City Corporation. There is no reason for meddling unnecessarily with names and titles, even when they are no longer associated with substantial advantages. It is useless to struggle against fate, especially when it assumes the form of a Parliamentary majority backed by general opinion. It can only be said that the abolition of the Companies will not be an unmixed good.

THE STATE OF EGYPT.

THE natural attention which the Anglo-French Agreement and the Conference have for some weeks attracted has somewhat diverted the public mind from the real subject of these diplomatic proceedings—the state of Egypt itself. Yet the remarkable letter of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD, the now fully and widely-published Note of Colonel SCOTT MONCRIEFF on the financial question, and the news as to the slowly but surely advancing tide of invasion, certainly demand their share of study, and, in reference to the last, at any rate, there is some colour for the arguments of those who say that English Ministries may offer surrender, and European Conferences may discuss its terms, but that the future of Egypt and its relations to the West will be decided on the Nile itself, and in a much more primitive fashion than by conversation or despatches. These persons evidently have on their side one authority admirably qualified to judge. Major KITCHENER's adventurous journeys in the Korosko Desert have apparently left him in no doubt whatever that the close of Ramadan will see an attack in form on Upper Egypt. They have also with them the now almost certain fall of Berber, which appears only to be denied because it is convenient to deny it; the impenetrable darkness which rests on Nubia and the Soudan proper; the absence of any sign of quieting down on the part of the tribes at any point where they are in contact with English or Egyptian troops; the extreme improbability of any check being put on the enterprises of the MAHDI or his lieutenants from Abyssinia; the almost greater improbability of the reformed Egyptian army cutting a better figure on the Nile than it cut on the Red Sea. But there is this to distinguish the military situation from the financial and administrative situation, that its facts are to a great extent matters of conjecture. Since Mr. GLADSTONE left General GORDON to his fate, and refused to carry out any further the policy begun by General GRAHAM's expedition, there has been nothing to do but to wait for events, and events,

though invariably unfavourable to the Government policy, have hitherto been scarcely decisive.

It is otherwise with the two remaining branches of the subject, which, if they are not the most important, for an actual invasion of Egypt would put them for the moment out of sight, bear more directly on the questions before the Conference. Of course Colonel SCOTT MONCRIEFF's Note is to a certain extent a statement of opinion only; but it is a statement of opinion which is supported by almost all the known facts, and which bears out most emphatically the contention that, if the Conference is to do any good at all in Egypt—indeed, if it is to do anything, bad or good—measures most unwelcome to the Continental bondholders and to the Continental *exploiteurs* of Egypt will have to be proposed. There is no pharisaism in using the adjective Continental here, because, though there are some unreasonable bondholders in England, and even a few—relatively very few—persons who have profited by Egyptian extravagance, they are not supported by any party in this country. Neither Tories, nor Liberals, nor Radicals—except in so far as the two latter parties may be willing to do whatever Mr. GLADSTONE bids them—will lift a finger to make England overseer to the bondholders; and, though these latter may perhaps put some trust in Mr. GLADSTONE, he is not likely to be able to do much to help them. In Egyptians, as in all other investments, the investor must make up his mind to take the lean years with the fat, and run his chance of sharing the adversity as well as the prosperity of the concerns in which he is a sleeping partner. But this is notoriously not the creed of most Continental politicians in regard to international debts, any more than it is their creed that an Administration exists for the benefit of the administered, not of the administrators. Colonel SCOTT MONCRIEFF therefore points out in effect a huge rock on which the Conference must probably split. He imperatively demands the reduction of taxation—a demand in which, in reference to Upper Egypt more particularly, he has since been supported by Mr. EDGAR VINCENT. He urges that more, not less, ought to be spent on public works, and he very significantly hints that there is no way in which these two things, or even the first of them, can be accomplished except by lessening the interest on the debt. It is barely possible that more might be done than Colonel SCOTT MONCRIEFF thinks by turning out the swarms of foreigners who are charges on the country, and who certainly interfere but little with the corruption and extortion of the native officials they are set to watch, and by substituting for them a staff of English, and especially Anglo-Indian, administrators. But this process would hardly be more agreeable to, at least, some of the Powers represented at the Conference than an abatement of the interest.

Even more important is the long and interesting letter which Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD addressed to the *Times* of Monday. It is very much to be regretted that Mr. GLADSTONE should have referred to this letter with that indecent petulance which is apparently growing upon him. But the reference can only harm Mr. GLADSTONE and not Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD. The document contains little or nothing but statements of fact, related from the personal experience of the writer, whose discretion and tact have sometimes been validly questioned, but his ability and honour never. The picture of corruption, cruelty, administrative incapacity, intrigue, and misconduct of all kinds which it draws is sufficiently gloomy, and it is not made more cheerful by the recollection that the weakness of Mr. GLADSTONE in recalling Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD, or at least in refusing to support him, has practically handed Egypt back to the *régime* here exposed. It is still less satisfactory to reflect that the representatives of that influence which Mr. GLADSTONE is engaged in re-establishing and strengthening in Egypt have notoriously connived at and assisted the intrigues which defeated the efforts of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD and restored the reign of Courbush, Thumscrew, Backsheesh, & Company. Should the arrangements proposed by the Government be carried out, any renewed attempt to save Egypt from this reign will have to face—first, the knowledge on the part of the local evildoers and their foreign supporters that the time of the English is short, and that obstruction can be easily and safely applied; secondly, the fact that the altered position of the Caisse will give a new engine of interference to supplement and enforce the machinery of intrigue and resistance which, even as it is, has for the time triumphed. What state of things the resignation of complete authority

in Egypt will perpetuate—what state that complete authority, from timidity and vacillation in its exercise, has hitherto been unable to reform—may be understood at the cost of a few minutes' reading from this letter of Mr. LLOYD's, which, with Colonel MONCRIEFF's, forms a *conspicuum* in miniature of the Egyptian question in its domestic as opposed to its international and political aspect. Documents like these, which involve no party or private interests, are far more really instructive than the elaborate *plaideyours*, able and interesting as they sometimes are, with which the monthly reviews are deluged, and which appear as usual with the July issues. On the same occasion, and in the same mood to which allusion has been already made, Mr. GLADSTONE charged Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT with total ignorance of Egyptian matters. Mr. GLADSTONE's own policy has suggested the audacious but not unnatural inquiry whether his own knowledge of Egyptian matters is exactly exhaustive; and if it is, whether his principles in regard to oppressed nationalities have not undergone a very remarkable change? There is, however, no reason to suppose this. Even as Mr. GLADSTONE out of office thought various subjects matters for serious consideration, and in office declares it impossible to consider them at all (persons interested in the sugar bounties will not find it difficult to make this comparison more precise), so he has apparently discovered that oppression exhibits itself very differently when viewed from the windows of Downing Street and from the windows of unofficial residences. For our part we hold it no part of the necessary mission of England to ride abroad redressing human wrongs, both for other reasons, and especially for the reason that there is a great deal to be done first. Included in that great deal, the reform of the government of Egypt, to which the country is pledged up to the hilt, holds no mean place. And it is all but demonstrable that, if the proposals of the Anglo-French understanding come into force, that reform is impossible. It would be needless hypocrisy to put this down as the sole reason for objecting to that understanding and its probable codicils; there are other and most weighty reasons which have been, and will be, fully dwelt upon. But the state of Egypt itself is at least one main reason why engagements should not be entered into which will make the improvement of that state impossible at the very time that it is formally undertaken afresh.

MR. BLAINE'S CANDIDATURE.

THE approaching contest for the American Presidency will for many reasons be unusually interesting. For the first time since the Civil War the election will involve questions of principle instead of being a mere trial of party strength. The result will show whether the admirers of American institutions are justified in their frequent assertion that the ultimate control of public affairs rests with a large and respectable body of neutral or independent citizens. It is also likely that the issue between Free-trade and Protection may be practically raised, though the opponents of monopoly still hesitate to avow their convictions until public opinion has been more or less fully ascertained. The attempts of the contending parties to secure the Irish vote will be a less legitimate subject of interest. Election managers will have to take care that in humouring Irish prejudice they may not alienate indigenous support. It is not yet known whether the secession from the Republican party which was caused by the nomination of Mr. BLAINE has attained large dimensions. Many of those who opposed his claims in the Convention, including a majority of Mr. ARTHUR's partisans, have since given in their adhesion to the regular nominee of the party. Mr. BLAINE's friends hope to detach from the ranks of the Democrats a sufficient number of Fenian sympathizers and of Protectionists to compensate the Republicans for the loss of their more scrupulous members. The relative strength of parties would perhaps not have been greatly modified if Mr. ARTHUR had been preferred to Mr. BLAINE. The choice of Mr. EDMUND would have been more likely to prevent a schism; but his pretensions appear for some reason to have excited little enthusiasm.

Mr. BLAINE, though he professed indifference until his nomination was assured, will, as it is understood, take the principal part in the canvass. His followers rely on his energy and on his ability as a popular orator; but some politicians doubt whether a candidate for the Presidency is well advised when he descends into the arena in person.

No general rule on the subject can be safely laid down, for the character of the constituency as well as the qualities of the candidate must be taken into consideration. A pugnacious foreign policy, a rigid maintenance of commercial monopoly, and an appeal to the animosities of Irish voters naturally seek rhetorical expression. The class of Republicans which is irreconcilably opposed to Mr. BLAINE is not liable to be swayed by platform oratory. The objection of the Republican minority to Mr. BLAINE is that he represents not only the crudest doctrines of protection, but the least creditable element in American politics. Attacks on the personal character of a Presidential nominee may generally be disregarded; but, like the skilful operators who controlled the Chicago Convention, Mr. BLAINE is a master of the most corrupt system of political management. Neither friends nor enemies expect that his influence as President would be employed in the reform of the Civil Service. If votes could be weighed instead of being counted, Mr. BLAINE would have little chance of being elected. It is known that he will receive the votes of several of the central States, including Ohio and Pennsylvania. The Southern States, with the possible exception of Western Virginia, will support the Democratic nominee. In his own State of Maine, and possibly in Massachusetts, Mr. BLAINE will command a majority. The casting vote will probably remain with New York, and the action of the State is still uncertain.

The so-called campaign will probably not begin before the Democratic Convention at Chicago has made its nomination. It will be possible to calumniate any candidate who may be chosen; and the platform or declaration of principles will be necessarily subject to hostile criticism. Some of the State Conventions, especially in the South, still decline to accept Mr. TILDEN's refusal of the candidature. They are perhaps more anxious to secure a reversal of the miscarriage of 1876 than to promote the election of any candidate. Several names have been proposed for nomination, but, if the delegates find that Mr. TILDEN's abdication is irrevocable, they may perhaps find their discretion limited to a choice between Mr. CLEVELAND, now Governor of New York, and Senator BAYARD. Both the probable candidates bear the highest character; but the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND is likely to be preferred, if it is understood that he will be able to carry his own powerful State. His duties as Governor of a community numbering four or five millions resemble in many respects the functions of the President. During his tenure of office, Mr. CLEVELAND has habitually preferred the public interest to personal influence and to party claims. It may be that on this ground the notorious organization of Tammany Hall regards the Governor with resentment and dislike. Frequent experience has shown that KELLY and the other Tammany managers, though they form only a minority of their own party, can by occasional coalition with the Republicans, or sometimes by mere abstention, defeat the Democrats in the City of New York, if not in the State. Their powers and their purposes will require serious consideration before the Chicago Convention ventures to nominate Mr. CLEVELAND. It is not known whether, in default of the best candidate, the party or the State of New York would be content to accept Mr. BAYARD. It is now said that General BUTLER offers himself as a Democratic candidate; but, as he has already accepted a nomination by a Greenback Convention, the credentials of his supporters at Chicago will be narrowly scrutinized. Mr. TILDEN, if he retracts his refusal, will perhaps receive a unanimous nomination.

Any one of the three probable nominees of the Democratic party will compare advantageously with the clever professional politician who has been chosen by the Republicans. The difficulty of framing an acceptable platform or statement of principles will be greater than that of personal selection. The Republican party has, with a few ornamental appendages, confined its manifesto to an unhesitating and explicit assertion of the doctrine of Protection. According to established American custom, industrial monopoly is ostensibly defended not for the sake of the manufacturers who are its real promoters, but in the interest of the working class; but conventional phrases, understood by all who are concerned, have no tendency to deceive. The Republican confession of faith, though it is unfortunately heterodox, is bold and sincere. A price is publicly offered for the votes of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and the bargain will probably be concluded. The policy of the Democratic managers may perhaps not be equally straightforward. At

the last Presidential election, their candidate, while the canvass was still proceeding, repudiated the comparatively liberal doctrines which had been propounded by the Convention. There are already symptoms of similar timidity on the part of Democratic writers and speakers who fear collision with vested interests. Some of the State Conventions have used studiously ambiguous language in their instructions to their delegates. The proposition that Customs duties ought to be imposed only for purposes of revenue would be satisfactory if it stood alone; but there is too often an inconsistent suggestion that all interests are to be consulted, or that national industry must be encouraged. There is reason to doubt whether a more uncompromising avowal of sound principles might not be more expedient. If the majority really approves an irrational tariff, it will also prefer the plain language of the Republican platform to the qualifications and hinted exceptions of too ingenuous Democrats.

English critics of the policy of American parties may often be mistaken in their judgment, but on the issue between Protection and entire or partial Free-trade they may fairly claim to be impartial. The eccentricities of the American tariff have favoured English competition in neutral markets, though they have thrown obstacles in the way of direct commercial exchange. It is highly probable that, in relieving domestic consumers from arbitrary taxation, a Free-trade Congress would also diminish the profits of foreign producers. In other respects also the party contests in the United States may be regarded with courteous equanimity. There is no reason to apprehend inconvenience from the success of any candidate, though perhaps Mr. BLAINE might as President pursue the troublesome course of diplomacy which was cut short by his retirement from the State Department. The election managers on both sides may perhaps use irritating language for the purpose of courting Irish prejudice; but, when the election is over, nothing will be done for Fenian or Nationalist agitators. It is true that in the days of Democratic predominance a long succession of Presidents introduced unpleasant passages into their messages to Congress; but a quarter of a century has made great changes, and a practice which has been so long interrupted is not likely to be revived. More modern appeals to international jealousy have also become obsolete. There is probably no stump orator left who would, in the style of ten years ago, reproach Free-trade opponents with the reception of subsidies from English capitalists or from the Cobden Club. Nonsense is long-lived, but it is happily not immortal.

THE CREW OF THE *NISERO*.

IF the British seaman ever employs himself during his watch below, or in his occasional intervals of sobriety on shore, in meditating on the way his country treats him, he must be sorely puzzled. On the one hand, public men seem to be much concerned about him. Imposing Bills are brought into Parliament, sometimes to save him from himself, and sometimes to save him from his employer. Terrific discussions arise over these measures. Shipowners and Ministers criticize and vilipend one another. Portentous clouds of dust are raised, and all about the British seaman. It is true that nothing much ever comes of all this uproar except pages of print on blue paper. Of late in particular it has done nothing beyond showing that a Cabinet Minister who is member for an inland town is a very energetic person who would like to do great things if he could only have his way without first showing that he knew what he was about. Still it does look as if the desire to do something for the British seaman was real if not always effectual. On the other hand, this spectacle is also presented to the thoughtful mariner. A British steamer makes shipwreck on the coast of Sumatra. The crew fall into the hands of an obscure barbarian chief who happens to have a quarrel in progress with the Dutch. This potentate, the Rajah of TENOM in his style, immediately sees his chance, and imprisons the shipwrecked Englishmen by way of putting pressure on his other European enemies. They, again, see no reason to be disturbed by the sufferings of a third party, and refuse the RAJAH's terms. Hence arise letters in the newspapers, diplomatic correspondence, questions in Parliament, evasive answers, expressions of profound regret from Under-Secretaries, but nothing effectual is done. The Dutch cannot bring the RAJAH to terms, and, as they claim to rule all Sumatra, will not let the

English do it. Meanwhile the imprisoned sailors are starving and naked. Then stories come that they are dying miserably, but nothing is done for them. The Dutch Minister writes despatches, and the English Under-Secretary expresses his profound regret, but nothing is done.

It is high time that this came to an end, and that a stop was put to mere wordy gabble such as the House of Commons had to listen to on Thursday night. Lord E. FITZMAURICE's petty fussiness about the reputation of the Foreign Office in scribbling its useless despatches, and Mr. GLADSTONE's solemn talk about the difficulty of the matter, and the necessity of touching it with a light hand, are only calculated to darken counsel. The question is as simple as possible. The Dutch assert a right of sovereignty over Sumatra, and their claim was recognized by England some years ago. It is therefore their manifest duty to see that none of their subjects are allowed to maltreat the subjects of a friendly Power. If they cannot perform that duty, their claim to sovereignty falls to the ground, and becomes as ineffectual as a paper blockade. They must stand aside and let others defend themselves. Talk about the RAJAH's misfortunes and our friendly relations with Holland is beside the question. To assert that, because the Acheenese chiefs are hard pressed by the Dutch, they are entitled to consideration when they wrong Englishmen, is the mere cowardly excuse of people who wish to escape trouble. We have nothing to do with the RAJAH's quarrels, and, when our countrymen are concerned, are in our right in calling him to account. A message from a naval officer informing his Highness that, unless the men were given up in forty-eight hours, a force of bluejackets and Marines would be landed; that he would probably be shot himself; and that his towns would certainly be burnt, would bring him to his senses at once. Our friendly relations with Holland should not be allowed to stand in the way for a moment. We have had enough, and more than enough, of the kind of friendship which takes it for granted that our interests must make way for the susceptibilities of other people. If the Dutch idea of goodwill is that Englishmen must be left to die in misery to spare their feelings and save them from trouble, the sooner we have their bitterest enmity the better. It is mere waste of time, and worse, to haggle over what the RAJAH wishes, or does not wish. He has done us a wrong, and should be made to smart for it. If he gets even a quarter of his demands, which is probably as much as he hopes for, every savage on the unsettled coast of Sumatra will see at once that the surest way of turning an honest penny is to seize upon any Englishman who may come in his way and starve him for a few months. The series of difficulties of this kind would be endless. The present case is a warning of what comes of trying to get rid of the trouble of defending ourselves. Lord GRANVILLE complained plaintively some time ago that, when England recognized the rights of Holland in Acheen, it did not understand that it was to be treated in this way. In other words, the Foreign Office never reflected that, when a weak Power is allowed to claim rule over barbarians whom it cannot conquer, its sovereignty is a defence to its savage subjects and a weapon to be used against its allies. After such a confession of blindness and stupidity, it is with a very ill grace that the Foreign Office asks to be trusted any further in this matter.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE hot weather of the last few weeks has forced the state of Covent Garden again on the attention of the public. Covent Garden is bad enough at any time, but such weather as we have lately had is necessary to show how insufferable to all who pass by, and still more to all those who live in the neighbourhood, this market has become. To call it a public scandal would be inaccurate. It is a private scandal and a public nuisance. For some years frequent complaints have been made as to the disgraceful condition in which the Market is suffered to lie, and constant protests have been uttered against those whose inertness or incapacity is responsible for the present state of things. When (to use a phrase attributed to a dozen people, from HORACE WALPOLE to Lord PALMERSTON) the English summer sets in with its usual severity, the effluvia from the Market are less perceptible and less harmful. But a high temperature, prolonged for many weeks, especially when varied now and then by a thunderstorm or a shower of rain, furnishes exactly the condition, as scientific

experts tell us, in which the seeds of many diseases best flourish. It is not denied that in Covent Garden itself, and in the adjoining street, a state of things prevails which is revolting to any decent person. The letters which have from time to time appeared in the papers on the subject merely state what anybody can verify for himself. "The 'roadway,'" says one correspondent, "is covered with vegetable matter" (at two o'clock in the afternoon), "thrown among which is the offal of fish and animals, and apparently the contents of dustbins. All this is festering in the sun, lying in the centre of London, in the richest Market of London, from the tolls of which, I am informed, an immense income is derived." This is only a specimen of dozens of letters which have within the last year or two appeared in the papers, and the truth of which nobody has attempted to dispute. Indeed, if any one affects to be incredulous as to the state of things allowed to exist in one of the chief London markets and its environs, he has only to walk through the neighbourhood on a warm summer's afternoon in order to convince himself that there is no exaggeration in the strongest complaints which have been published.

The question of the state of Covent Garden has a double aspect. On the one hand it is a matter of public health and decency, and on the other it has a dangerous influence on pending controversies as to the rights of landed proprietors. No one will affirm that the filth and stench of the Market are anything but injurious to those who live in the neighbourhood, and at least offensive to all who go through it. Apart from all theories as to the aid which a market so mismanaged may give to the development of specific disease-germs, it is certain that people who habitually breathe the sickening air of Covent Garden are physically enfeebled, and are rendered more liable to receive and succumb to any of the poisonous influences which are always threatening human life. Covent Garden has become an offence to all and a danger to many. It is perfectly clear that the offence and the danger can be easily removed. Who is responsible for the present state of things, and at whose expense a change for the better must be made, are questions upon which we cannot now enter. It may be that many persons are in fault. But one thing is certain, that to the popular mind the owner of the property appears more responsible than anybody else. To the average intellect it seems that any man who suffers an estate lucrative to himself to become a source of annoyance, danger, and disease to his fellow-citizens, cannot shift his responsibilities on to any public body whatever. Their laxity, if it exists, is no excuse for his. Now, especially, it is the duty of those who own land to show that they are as alive to the duties as to the rights of property. In the case of Covent Garden, the question passes from the sanitary to the political field. We have before now pointed out the economic fallacies involved in the late Mr. MILL's doctrine as to the so-called "unearned increment" of land. But no exposure of such fallacies will weigh in the popular mind against the spectacle of an individual deriving a large income from landed property which he permits to become a public nuisance. In not a few of the large towns of England we have seen of late years wealthy citizens nobly giving up for public objects the land which they have acquired. Parks, recreation-grounds, land on which to build useful institutions, have been freely transferred from private to public hands. These gifts have been so numerous that anybody, in any open meeting in one of our large towns, who might get up to declaim against the owners of land would find somebody else in the meeting who could speak of the open-handed generosity with which the local landowners have treated the public. But the good examples are apt to be forgotten; the bad examples are always before the world. They are kept so by the agitators whose trade it is to make war on all, and especially on landed property. There exists no better handle for those who wish either to attack the rights of property or to attack the present system of government in London than the undoubtedly disgraceful state of Covent Garden, and we trust that all concerned in the matter will unite at once to bring about a timely reform.

THE COLONIAL POLICY OF GERMANY.

THREE is nothing unreasonable in the desire of the Germans to possess colonies of their own. Many parts of the country are over-populated, and a large number of

emigrants leave its shores every year. In the United States and the English colonies, in which they generally settle, they for the most part succeed, and are held in higher estimation than any other race that does not speak our language. They possess many of the qualities that have secured the success of English colonists; they are industrious, and ready to rough it; they adapt themselves easily to unfamiliar circumstances, and can feel really at home in foreign lands. Dr. BAMBERGER may be right in thinking that it will be wise for his fellow-countrymen to continue in the old paths, and to choose for their new country one in which they are pretty sure of finding a welcome; but something may also be said in excuse of Prince BISMARCK's dislike of men who can throw off their country as if it were an old coat, and of the general regret that so much of the vigour, the enterprise, and the youth of the nation should be permanently lost. Why, it is asked, should there not be a Greater Germany beyond the seas, in which German traditions may be preserved and a certain union with the Empire maintained? Englishmen are not in a position to treat such aspirations with ridicule.

It ought to be clearly understood that what Germany desires is not territorial acquisitions in distant regions which may be distinguished by her colours upon the map, and thus impose upon the eyes of the vulgar, nor does she wish to rule over regions thickly inhabited by inferior races. What she demands is an outlet for her own surplus population—places to which young men of courage and enterprise may go, and where they may settle without ceasing to be Germans. There may be persons in the Empire who entertain other and more ambitious views, but they can have found but little encouragement in the late speeches of the Imperial CHANCELLOR. He is prepared to lend his protection to private enterprise, to recognize the settlements actually established—that is all.

In this there is nothing that ought to excite any resentment in Englishmen. If the German colonies fail, we shall suffer no loss; if they succeed, as we are inclined to think they will, it will be not only a commercial but a political advantage to many of our colonies to have for neighbours the subjects of an Empire which is as strongly opposed to slavery in all its forms as England, and which is by no means desirous of being represented in the antipodes by the criminals that it has cast out. If German colonies should ever border upon those of England and rival them in magnitude, there is every reason to hope that they will be good neighbours, and that both will unite in opposing the insolence of any State that endeavours to overflow them with the sewage of its own population, or to prevail by brag and bluster over the harmless native races that enjoy their friendship.

Still it cannot be denied that with the establishment of German colonies a new power will be brought to bear on many of our foreign possessions. There is no reason that it should be an adverse power, but it is one which must be considered, and with which we shall have to deal. The sooner we recognize this fact, the better the terms we can secure are likely to be. The colonial empire of England has grown, as Prince BISMARCK desires that of Germany to grow, by private enterprise. The result is that there are many points of great strategical importance in almost every quarter of the globe which have not been occupied, because the very peculiarities which lend them a military value render them unattractive to colonists. Again, there are parts of the world in which a new England is arising, and which therefore possess a peculiar interest for us. The chief of these is Australia, and Australians, as we know, believe that New Guinea is necessary to their future security. Last week Dr. BAMBERGER asserted that a German Company had been formed for the purpose of colonizing that island. He was assured that the Government had no knowledge of such a proposal.

This may be true, but what would our own Ministry do if Dr. BAMBERGER's information proved to be correct? What has it done with respect to Angra Pequena? According to Prince BISMARCK's statement, we have no right whatever to this part of the coast, as in official English documents the Orange River is stated to be the limit of our possessions; and on Germany inquiring some time since whether England would protect the German missionaries in those regions, she was told that HER MAJESTY'S Government exercised no jurisdiction over any part of them except Wallfisch Bay. Yet, as a matter of international courtesy, the Berlin Cabinet, before taking further steps, asked if England made any claim to Angra Pequena. It had to

wait six months for a reply, though Lord GRANVILLE'S statement in the House of Lords last Monday shows that Prince BISMARCK's information was correct. We cannot be surprised that such a delay should cause irritation, and that the German press should begin to speak of England as a Power that lays claim to every unoccupied territory on the face of the earth, while she is unable to subdue the Soudan, or even to assert the rights she undoubtedly possesses in Egypt.

There is no reason, we repeat, that the colonial aspirations of Germany should come into conflict with our own established rights or legitimate claims. The German authorities have shown themselves open to argument, and scrupulously polite in treating, not only our interests, but our susceptibilities; and Prince BISMARCK, in one of his speeches, insisted on the desire of Germany to remain on friendly terms with the English people as well as with the English Government. The vast majority of the inhabitants of both countries share this feeling, which is the natural result of their character, their history, and their traditions. While the present CHANCELLOR remains in power we may be certain that he will give us no just cause of offence; and, if any serious difference arises between the two nations, it will be due solely to the folly or the gross neglect of our own Ministers.

MISSING, TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

THE anomalies of our Trustee system have been curiously illustrated of late. We recently called attention to the administration of Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY'S bequest to the nation, which is treated by his Trustees as if it was a bequest to the Royal Academy. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon intending testators that bequests of this kind should always be conditional. Had CHANTREY provided that, in case of maladministration, his fund was to go to, say, the S.P.C.K., a constant watch would have been kept, and the Trustees would have been forced to fulfil to the letter the terms of the will. But this week a wholly different case has come before the public. A Corporation, not an individual, has expired, leaving a large fortune, and nobody seems to know where the money is. Twenty thousand pounds are not easily concealed, though alas! they are all too easily spent. But when the British Institution committed suicide in 1869 it is said to have left that large sum behind, presumably in the hands of Trustees; but no one appears to know anything more about the matter.

The British Institution was founded in 1805 to collect together annually as many of the best productions of the English school as the Society could display. It was further determined by the noblemen and gentlemen who formed the first Committee to show great works by the old masters from their private collections "for the study of the artists and "for exhibition to the public." In 1813 the Society bought Alderman BOYDELL's celebrated Shakespeare Gallery in Pall Mall, and there continued to hold their exhibitions until the Royal Academy, on moving into more commodious quarters, saw their way to fulfil the ardent desire of BENJAMIN WEST, and themselves exhibit old masters. The Institution had, in fact, been started at his instance to do what at that time the Royal Academy could not do. When the winter exhibitions at Burlington House were commenced in 1870, the British Institution's occupation was gone. It had purchased from time to time and presented to the National Gallery, among other works, the "St. Nicholas" of PAUL VERONESE, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S "Holy Family," GAINSBOROUGH'S "Market Cart," CONSTABLE'S "Cornfield," and other less remarkable pictures. The takings at the exhibitions were supplemented by the fees of 500*l.* each which subscribers paid to become life governors. Thus, at the dissolution of the Society, a considerable sum was in hand; and "G. R." writes to the *Times* of Tuesday last, calling attention to the probable existence somewhere of this fund, asserting that it now amounts to fully 20,000*l.* "No account," he says, "of this money has ever been published, and, so far as I can learn, none has ever been rendered." The public, he thinks, have a right to know what has become of this large balance, and no doubt they have. "If this fund is still available, now is the time to look after it, and apply it in accordance with the intention of those who subscribed it."

The heart-loving public should be very much obliged to "G. R." He will have rendered it a considerable service if it turns out that his surmise is true, and that all this money is lying idle, just when the treasures of private houses are being

brought to the hammer under the operation of the new Heirlooms Act. The Syndicate formed the other day in view of the sale of the Fountaine Collection would have been unnecessary could this fund have been employed. But a correspondent of the *Times* on Thursday makes an excellent suggestion. He thinks that there is no doubt the money of the British Institution was accumulated in order that it should be spent on art purposes, and that it was "intended for the service of English art." He goes on to propose that it should be used "to form the nucleus of a fund for providing a permanent building for the National Portrait Gallery." We have before now called attention to the insecure condition of this invaluable collection. "T. H. W." writes that, every time he visits South Kensington, he is "more and more struck with the contrast between the inestimable treasures which it includes, and the quarters to which a pennywise nation has confined it." This priceless collection of contemporary portraits of sovereigns and statesmen, poets and warriors, authors and beauties, is "kept in a series of wooden sheds that a spark might set on fire, and that, once on fire, would be reduced to ashes in an hour." He goes on to point to the immediate danger from the neighbourhood of the Health Exhibition, "a popular show where fires are constantly burning and cigars are the order of the day and night." Much, as we have on a former occasion pointed out, has been done by those who have had to deal with the matter to improve the condition of the National Portrait Gallery. But more remains to be done. Meanwhile we must look anxiously for some revelation as to the whereabouts of the 20,000*l.* of the late British Institution.

TONQUIN AGAIN.

IF it were done when it is done, the conquering of a colony in Asia would be a very pleasant form of exercise for a European Power. Small bodies of well-drilled men can do great things in the East. Asiatic soldiers are often brave enough to make it creditable to beat them whenever they are in superior numbers, which is generally the case. At the same time, they never have discipline of a serious kind, and are scarcely ever decently led. They get driven out of entrenched positions by a quarter of their number; and, if the victorious force loses one in twenty between killed and wounded, the battle is counted hot. Eastern statesmen are about on a level with Eastern generals. They are so terribly crafty that they continually intrigue themselves into hopeless difficulties, and lie so absurdly that they give their enemies the most plausible excuses for inflicting any amount of punishment. Then, too, there is always an encouraging appearance of advantage to be gained by conquest in the East which makes the whole business go merrily on. The worst of it is that it is commonly only an appearance. When your enemy is thrashed in the field, the turn of the brigands and the hill tribes comes next. It is an endless task to settle your conquest, and the expense of the process eats up the expected profits. Then no sooner is one district well subdued than some neighbour becomes troublesome, and the work has to be done all over again with him. The facts of history, as Mr. FROUDE has observed, may be made to prove anything, if only they are chosen with judgment; and it is perhaps rash to conclude that, because certain things happened in the past, therefore they will happen again. Still, the course of things in India and in Central Asia may be taken as showing pretty clearly what may be expected to follow whenever a European and an Asiatic Power have a common frontier. The civilized nation never stops till it has conquered everything in front of it, or is itself beaten out of the field by a Western rival. Moreover, the process goes on in spite of the conquering Power itself. It cannot stop, though it be never so willing.

The French have already begun to learn what an endless business they have embarked on in Tonquin. It is very possible they never meant to rest content with what they have got as yet; but there was every sign that they did mean to stop for the present. The Chinese, however, in the abundance of their wisdom, do not seem inclined to let them off so cheap. Only a few months have passed since a treaty was made to settle the relative positions of France and China as regards Tonquin, and now the fighting has begun again. A column of French troops on the march to take possession of the frontier town of Langson has been attacked and compelled to halt. It has found the country

which was to be given up according to treaty occupied by thousands of armed men, and has suffered a reverse.

Whatever the truth may be as to the fighting, there can be no doubt that the political situation is very serious. It is now certain that General NEGRIER's column was attacked in obedience to orders from Pekin. LI HUNG CHANG is not master of the situation after all. He was able to make his treaty with Captain FOURNIER, and even to get it accepted, at least apparently, by his own Government, but his power stops short at securing its execution. The war party has the upper hand in the Palace. The Marquis TSENG is said to have returned from Europe, and he is doubtless in no very friendly state of mind towards the French. By one of those processes of reasoning which Europeans guess at in vain, the ruling party has persuaded itself that China may or ought to show fight after all. The Treaty of Tien-Tsin might as well never have been made. It does not appear as yet that the Pekin authorities are going to tear it up openly, but there are more ways of nullifying a treaty than brutally making shreds of paper of it. The Mandarins are probably unrivalled (out of England) in the art of putting non-natural interpretations on plain words, and they will have no difficulty in finding excuses for not doing what they had solemnly promised to do. They have accordingly made some quibble about the date at which they ought to surrender the frontier towns. It is a misfortune for all parties that the garrisons have been able to offer a successful resistance, for the mere appearance of victory is enough to encourage the war party in its policy of resistance. The fault may rest, at least partly, on General MILLOT, the French chief in command, who is said to have been appointed mainly because he is a good Republican. He has certainly conducted his operations so as to justify the suspicion. The force sent to occupy Langson was only seven hundred men, and no care seems to have been taken to find out whether it was likely to be opposed or not. The country this column had to march through is mountainous and easy to defend. It is not improbable that the Chinese force on the spot would have given way to a strong force. This is just the sort of thing which a general who is qualified to command in Asiatic warfare ought to have taken into account, and provided against if his hands were left free. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to find that a good deal of dissatisfaction is felt in France with the conduct of General MILLOT. He has been too much praised for his political orthodoxy, and people who think that a general should be appointed because he knows his business are naturally tempted to be a little extreme in criticizing his defects as a commander. It remains to be seen whether he was quite free to follow his own judgment, or whether he was not told to do everything as cheaply as possible by his masters at home.

General MILLOT's reputation as a strategist is, however, a matter of no particular importance except to himself. The great thing for France and for ourselves is whether or not we are to have the wretched uncertainty of the Tonquin-business over again, and perhaps a disturbing war in the far East at the end of it this time. It is only too probable that it must come sooner or later. It is useless to speculate as to what motives have induced the Mandarins in power to fight now at the eleventh hour. On any principle intelligible to Europeans they should have at least waited. Putting all considerations of honour and statesmanship aside, it seems that mere military prudence required that they should delay until they were better armed, and had received the ironclads built for them in Germany. But it is well known that a large party in China is perfectly indifferent to such considerations, and it is apparently that party which has got hold of power. It has accordingly insulted and irritated France while Tonquin is full of French troops, and Admiral COURBET has a squadron under his command which is perfectly capable of sweeping the coast of China from one end to the other. It does not follow that these wonderful Mandarins have distinctly made up their minds for open war. They may think that they can carry on an underhand opposition, hit and run away, and come back to hit again, while France will be good enough to stand still and fight them on their own terms. If so, the delusion will probably not last long. What the end of it all will be is pretty obvious. We have the almost certain prospect of war in Chinese waters, by which we shall certainly be sufferers, and to which we can hardly avoid becoming a party. The French are responsible for having begun, but they can hardly, in their present temper, draw back now. It may have been unwise to begin the Tonquin

adventure at all, but now it is not only begun but far advanced. The French will be dissatisfied till they have made the Chinese Government and its generals understand that they are not to be trifled with. How the matter will end it would be unwise to prophecy.

NATIONAL INDIGNATION "TO ORDER."

M R. GLADSTONE'S challenge to the House of Lords has been promptly taken up. The amendment of which Lord CAIRNS has given notice is the fitting reply to it, and now that it has been thus decisively answered politicians of the unsophisticated type have begun to ask each other why it was ever delivered at all. What, they inquire, could have been the PRIME MINISTER's object in thus closing the door against an agreement between the two Houses? What, exclaim these simple-minded folk, could ever have ailed him to give such deliberate offence as he did to the pride of senatorial independence? Surely it was bad temper or worse tactics to fortify the hostile resolves of any half-hearted Conservative peer by making him feel that surrender would not only be opposed to sound legislative policy, but personally disgraceful and dangerous to boot, and that the rejection of the Franchise Bill had been elevated from a measure of merely political prudence into an act of constitutional duty. Surely it must have been unwise on the PREMIER's part to enlist against himself the natural jealousy of an independent legislative Assembly on behalf of their lawful and time-honoured privileges. So reason those old-fashioned people who still cling to their ancient habit of regarding politics as a dignified game to be played according to certain traditional rules and principles by a body of Parliamentary experts. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, usually knows what he is about, and we cannot but believe that at the moment when he uttered the challenge referred to, he was in full possession of this valuable knowledge. He had no doubt already satisfied himself that the defeat of the Bill was certain, and in addressing, what Sir HENRY JAMES calls his "advice" to the House of Lords, he was in reality only "speaking to Buncombe." It was the local wire-pullers and provincial Caucuses that he had principally in mind. He was in effect bidding them prepare for an early appearance on the scene and reminding them betimes of their "cue." At the words "most grave difficulties" the crowd of "supers" who represent "the nation" on the modern political stage were to rush on tumultuously and cry "Down with the House of Lords!"

If there were any doubt of this having been Mr. GLADSTONE's intention, subsequent events would have dispelled it. The stage managers of the Liberal party have evidently so understood it, and they have responded to his words with an alacrity which shows that nothing that art can do will be wanting to the performance. Within a few days of the PRIME MINISTER's speech a circular marked "private and confidential," and published in all the newspapers, was in course of distribution over, as the Caucasian loves to express it, "the length and breadth of the land." It is a most business-like document, and it is not the fault of its authors that its publication produced, like all over-heard directions of the stage manager at a thrilling moment of the drama, a slightly droll effect. The Secretary of the National Reform Union goes straight to the point—almost too straight to it to make it wise for him to issue his instructions in the hearing of the audience. Provincial Liberals are not only told what they are to do in the character of the "country," but they are, with most considerate particularity, informed exactly how to do it. "In the event," writes Mr. ARTHUR G. SYMONDS, "of the House of Lords being hostile to the passing of the Franchise Bill in its present form, please call a meeting of your club, association, or committee at once, and pass resolutions expressing unabated confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE and his Government, urging them on no account to resign office or dissolve Parliament at the dictation of the Peers, and assuring them of the vigorous support of the whole Liberal party in any action they may deem it advisable to take." Having thus prescribed to the clubs and committees the precise character of the "confidence" which they are instructed to feel, when the proper moment arrives for it, in Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. SYMONDS goes on to inform them that, "should the crisis demand it," the Committee is "prepared to organize large and effective joint demonstrations"—the anticipatory use of the second adjective seems to show that

Mr. SYMONDS, unlike the friend of SEMPRONIUS, can "command" success—"in different parts of the country." Of these due notices will be forwarded to you, and "I beg that you will be prepared, at short notice, to send delegates from your district to the one which will be held in your neighbourhood." There is an almost military imperiousness in this direction to the local Committees to hold themselves in instant readiness to furnish delegates to a local demonstration to be fixed by a Committee at a distance. The stern brevity of the command "I beg that you will be prepared at short notice" is particularly worthy of remark. A dash of the martinet, however, is no doubt required in the generalship even of the mimic war; and one can understand that the Secretary of an organization hailing merely from Manchester should feel bound to exaggerate the military tone. After all, however, the fussy activity of these merely divisional commanders only serves to bring the figure of the generalissimo into still greater prominence. Birmingham has now spoken through the National Liberal Federation, and the voices of all minor agitationmongers should henceforth be hushed. The master's plan of campaign is simple, but awe-striking. It includes the reassembling of the eighteen hundred delegates who attended the "great Conference" at Leeds and the holding of a monster Reform demonstration in Hyde Park next month. This latter manifestation of the will of the people is, the circular of the Federation states, to be preceded by a march in procession from the Thames Embankment in the following order:— " Mounted farriers to clear the way, chairman and speakers, agricultural labourers, miners, trade societies, political clubs, Liberal associations, members of Parliament, temperance societies, and miscellaneous bodies."

The entire stage army, in fact, is to be mustered in full sight of the audience, and drilled in a voice audible all over the house. There is really something almost touching in this primitive simplicity of theatrical arrangements. BORROM and his fellow-craftsmen did not take the spectators more frankly into their confidence than do the organizers of these impressive "demonstrations" of the "national will." The extraordinary difference, however, between the two companies of performers is that the Athenian troupe sought only to amuse, while their English imitators actually propose to intimidate. The political BORROM has a different sort of title to the prefix "bully." He does not mean to address the Lords as the worthy weaver addressed the ladies, and to "wish them, or request them, or entreat them, 'not to fear, not to tremble, his life for theirs.'" On the contrary, he particularly wishes them to tremble very much, and as good as warns them that their political lives are in danger from the lion of popular indignation. At no point in the performance does he propose that the lion aforesaid shall declare himself "a man as other men are; and 'then indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly 'he is SCHNADHORST, the wire-puller.'" No; the whole performance is a serious attempt to frighten the House of Lords by an imposing display of national resentment against their action. "Imposing," indeed, it might be in one sense called, if only it were possible to understand how its originators can imagine it capable of deceiving any one. For whatever the real feeling of the country may be, and there is no doubt in our mind as to what it actually is on the point, it is perfectly obvious that the Caucus-mongers are going the precise way to obscure and confuse it. Suppose the case of a Conservative peer in genuine uncertainty as to whether the action of his party has or has not displeased the country; how, in the name of common sense, will he now be able to resolve his doubts? If he had been left alone to study the real "country" for himself, he might have had a chance of ascertaining its true feelings. But, just when he is attempting to do so, that moment in steps Mr. SCHNADHORST, with the theatrical "country" at his heels, and his "mounted farriers clearing the way before him." What sort of a *ductor dubitantium* is this? The unfortunate doubter's view of the nation is completely obscured by the seedy pageant thus made to file past by him. He can see nothing for the dust of the procession—hear nothing for the bray of brass bands and more brazen orators. The whole affair is perfectly well known by everybody; and indeed, as we have seen, is openly admitted in the conduct of its organizers to be a purely histrionic display; the demonstrators and processionists are a mere stage host, "terrible," perhaps, "as an army with banners," but not as an army with weapons. Yet hollow and contemptible as the exhibition is, it is no more possible to perceive the true state of the national feeling while it is

going forward than it is for the ear to hear anything else amid the roar of a stage-mob, or for the eye to penetrate through the intercepting canvas and pasteboard of the scene.

DEER-STALKING.

IT may seem a strong thing to say, but perhaps there is no sport in the world about which more nonsense is talked than deer-stalking. Because certain unsportsmanlike millionaires who monopolize vast stretches of moor and mountain make big bags, if we may speak of "bags" in connexion with deer, it is very generally affirmed that deer-stalking may be made easy. There can be no greater delusion, and when there is promiscuous butchery by "pot shots," it is when deer have been driven past ambushes in the passes. Any man who can raise a rifle to the shoulder can fire point-blank into a hustling mob of animals, and then most of the ill-directed bullets will probably find their billets. Some of the animals shot dead by accident "drop in their tracks," while others will go away crippled or wounded. It is men like these, shooting as at the Court battues in Germany, who bring the sport into discredit. We do not mean to say, nevertheless, that there are not gradations in stalking, and that a novice dry-nursed by skilful professional stalkers may not gain far greater credit than he deserves. In favourable circumstances and on easy ground, he may be brought so near the unsuspecting quarry that success should be almost certain if his nerves be tolerably steady. But the genuine stalker, while using the services and local knowledge of the native hillman, never descends to the abuse of them, and there can be no wilder diversion than his, short of shooting the *mouflon* and its sure-footed congeners, among break-neck mountains and precipices. It is true that nowadays in a well-protected forest there can never be any scarcity of the game—sometimes, indeed, it is only too plentiful—and so deer-stalking has decidedly improved, since deer, except for the table, were valueless to the landlords. In the earlier part of the century almost the whole of the Highlands may be said to have been more or less deer-forest. The deer roamed everywhere, with nothing to fear but the occasional discharge of a shot-gun or musket. But then the hills were ranged by herds of black cattle or pastured by sheep; and, what with the cattlemen, the shepherds, and their dogs, the deer were being kept perpetually on the move. They were difficult to be found, for their haunts depended for the time on local circumstances; and were difficult to approach, except in their favourite fastnesses in the higher mountains; while, with his imperfect weapons, the stalker could do no certain execution unless he came very near to them indeed. Then there were long odds in favour of the deer; now it must be admitted that ordinary chances befriend the skilful stalker. The ground in the forest has been swept clear of cattle and sheep; the very vermin are fostered to keep down the grouse which might give the alarm at the critical moment of the stalk, so the deer are lulled into false security; although that manner of protecting the ground can hardly be called artificial, since the balance of nature is merely left to correct itself. And we may observe, parenthetically, that the preserver does his best for the ornithologist by encouraging the eagles, the falcons, and the ravens. But even with those ordinary chances arranged in his favour the stalker, at the best, has "his work cut out for him." He must be something more than sound in wind and limb if he is to get anything like adequate value for his money, in the way either of excitement or heads. And, when a robust and active man has wealth as well as health, we can well understand that he should lavish large sums on his stalking.

In the first place, in an advanced state of civilization, it is something to enjoy the keen pleasures of savage life, agreeably tempered by every available luxury. One day you are in London, lounging along the hot pavements of Pall Mall, worn out by politics or professional business, or by a surfeit of gaieties through the season. The very next afternoon you may be in the heart of the Highlands, monarch of all you survey in the meantime, so long as the rent is punctually paid. In the deer-forest there are no shepherds, as on the grouse-moor, owing allegiance to another tenant of the proprietor, and possibly at feud with your keepers and gillies. The forest is one vast and picturesque solitude, with only here and there a lonely shelter occupied by a watcher. From the windows on every side of the shooting-lodge you look out upon a wild panorama of mountain and hill, with glens winding up into almost inaccessible recesses, and ravines where the rocky sides slope down to the brawling burns. Beautiful as these Highland hills are in the sunshine, nothing can be more savagely stern than their effects when storms are gathering round the rugged summits. Then the heavy clouds, gradually drawing lower and lower, cast their black shadows on each bright sheet of water; waves of fleecy vapour begin to steam and boil in each nook and corner of the lower valleys, till the bursting clouds send down the rain in torrents, and the landscapes grow dimmer till they disappear behind a leaden-coloured pall. Or half the winds of heaven may seem to be let loose together, and then the shrieking, and the howling, and the sobbing are terrific. In contrast with the roar of the elements without, nothing can be snugger than the accommodation of even a modestly-furnished shooting-lodge; and at least, unless one's patience is fairly worn out, there is pleasure in watching the rain from under shelter. But such is the weather the stalker must be prepared to face, for there is no trusting the weather-glass among the Highland hills. One may make a start

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after breakfast under bright blue skies; and, though the keeper may have shaken his head over the doubtful prospects of the afternoon, no one of course would dream of giving up the expedition. When the sportsmen are leagues away from home, they are aware of an ominous stillness; there is something like an earthy freshness in the air, which seems to portend an abundance of rain, and the portents are confirmed by the lowering bank of clouds slowly extending itself over a semicircle of the horizon. Later in the afternoon, and perhaps as you are drawing steadily upon the deer, the storm bursts. It is five to one that the stalk is spoiled; and in any case, and in an incredibly short space of time, the hill walking is made pretty nearly impracticable. Each hill-burn has swelled into a brawling torrent, and the streams that were passed in the morning dryshod on the natural stepping-stones must now be forded breast-high at the risk of losing your footing. The man who is ready and willing to go in for all this can hardly be called a drawing-room sportsman; and he introduces an infinity of other elements of excitement into the day's sport should he have personal experience of stalking and be reasonably self-reliant.

We do not say that good local guides are not nearly indispensable. The hill-keeper not only knows the favourite haunts of the deer in certain directions of the wind, and spares his employer much time and wasted anxiety, but he is familiar, so far as man can be, with the prevailing currents of the air as they are caught and twisted in the corries. The professional stalker is admirable for bringing you within sight of the deer, for guiding you along the surest lines of approach under cover; but as to when or whence he ought to take his shot the experienced sportsman will use his own discretion. Strange to say, the keeper or gillie is often flurried, or at least foolishly eager and ready to recommend precipitate action, when there is not only no reason to be in a hurry, but when much may depend on deliberation. It may still be possible to get nearer, should that seem advisable, or the stag you have marked for your victim may present himself in such a position that it may be advisable to wait on the chance of his changing it. The man who surrenders his own judgment, and slavishly takes his orders from the gillie in charge, is not worthy the name of a sportsman. Everybody must of course serve a novitiate, and there are keen enough hands who to the day of their deaths will never master the principles, or rather the instincts, of hill-venerie. But the real pleasure of the pursuit lies in devising your own strategy, though you must consult your followers as to carrying it out. A day's stalking, from the beginning to the end, is full of incident and excitement; the highest hopes may be dashed by sudden disappointment, and there are perpetual slips between the cup and the lip. It is so much the better when toils have been crowned by success, and the stag round which your manoeuvres have been concentrating themselves, at last, in his magnificent proportions, is lying dead at your feet. First comes the finding of the deer. Time after time your trusty staff may have been driven into the hillside, and the telescope steadied against it. Time after time the wild landscape may have been swept in vain. After the closest examination of each rock and patch of heather, there has not been a glimpse of hide or of horns. Then all at once, and perhaps where you least expected it, you have seen the little herd of deer feeding, unsuspecting of danger. There is a heavy stag, we may suppose, with a respectable head, and on him you have set your affections. But he is surrounded by a small seraglio of hinds, one or two of them having been told off upon sentinel duty. Sinking down upon the heather, crawling back behind the nearest cover, you hold quick but anxious consultation as to the circumventing him. A great circuit has to be made before you can creep down upon him against the wind. Taking the bearings of the herd by certain landmarks on the sky-line, you start away upon the long détour. You have already done considerable walking in the course of your peregrinations; but it is now that strength and breath are tasked, or, rather, they would be tasked were it not for the excitement. The sinewy keeper steps out in most deceptive style, getting over the ground twice as fast as you might fancy. You may have to breast sundry stiff hills in succession ere reaching the last point of vantage, where you begin the critical operations. There, where you hope again to sight the deer, is a moment of intense expectation. They may have shifted their ground by chance, or may have taken alarm and left it altogether. To your satisfaction you see that they are much as they were; but the satisfaction is by no means unmixed. The stag is recumbent, and ruminating so quietly that it appears you might almost step up and stroke him; but one of the hinds on duty is constitutionally restless, and it is her ceaseless vigilance you have to elude. The approach is a sharp descent down the hills, and that makes the task all the more difficult. Then it is that the Red Indian instincts of the keeper are called into play. He pioneers the path, if path it can be called, where you are either crawling like a snake or grovelling like a rated spaniel. Now you are grinding off your buttons against the angularities of impracticable stones. Now you are making a rush between hillock and hillock, bent nearly double, while the head of the sentinel hind happens to be turned in the opposite direction. You know, nevertheless, that she may sight you at any moment, or that some treacherous air current may give her your wind, in which case all your labours have been thrown away. Or perhaps your lines of painful approach may have fallen in the broken bed of a mountain burn, and then all the crawling and the crouching have to be done with the cold water running in at the neck of

your shirt and filtering out at the knees of your knickerbockers. Surmounting these trials and vicissitudes successfully, you may congratulate yourself when you find yourself safely ensconced within sixty or eighty yards of the deer. It is then that the keeper may be thrusting the rifle into your hand, urging you to shoot; it is then you will do well to assert your independence. In the first place, you have been over-heated, over-strained, and then soaked; so it is next to impossible that the pulses can be beating quietly, or that even by the aid of some convenient slab of stone you can make sure of steadyng the rifle. In the next place, as we have imagined the deer lying down, it is possible he may offer but a doubtful mark. Yet undue delay will be dangerous, as well as irritating to the nerves. Each fleeting minute is pregnant with hope or possible incident. Luck may befriend you; the stag may stretch himself and get up; or a low whistle may at last be necessary, which will land him at once on his legs, when he will stand stationary and listening for a moment. Then, as the bullet goes home with a thud behind the shoulder, you know that all your labours are repaid; should you shoot wild and miss or merely maim him, your first idea is instantaneous suicide.

This being, as we think, a fair sketch in faint outlines of a day's stalking, it will be seen how many chances are necessarily against the stalker, even in a well-preserved forest, under circumstances the most favourable. Absolute quiet with security from intrusion are the essential conditions of success; the crow of a startled grouse-cock, even the note of alarm of some small moor-bird will send the deer "scuttling," while the sight of a human being on a distant ridge will be sufficient to clear a whole district for the day. It may be imagined, then, what will be the effect of such a Bill as Mr. Bryce proposes on the value of Highland deer-forests. We are not concerned now to discuss its propriety on the ground of public rights against the privileges of private property. We do not even go into the question whether it may not be more genuine sport to shoot deer with the additional hazard in the form of being warned or kept restless by chance passengers. We confine ourselves to noting that no Southern sportsman will give anything approaching the existing rents if his projected day's sport may be spoiled at any time by the apparition of some tourist, artist, or ornithologist whose arrangements happen to clash with his own. A great proportion of the income of certain Highland proprietors will be sacrificed, for the confiscation will fall very unequally. Those gentlemen whose lands are remote from the tourist beats will come off comparatively cheaply; while others whose forests lie "convenient" to hotels and picturesque passes, or chance to be consecrated by specially romantic associations, will assuredly be immensely out of pocket, though they may gratify their patriotism and the political economists by growing mutton and wool in place of venison.

AUX FOLIES PARLEMENTAIRES, WESTMINSTER.

IT is a little cruel of our elected legislators and those about them to be so copious of roaring farce with the thermometer set at 80° or thereabouts in the shade. Nothing makes man hotter than laughter, though it may be urged on the other hand that, as laughter, at least by tradition, makes men fat, it ought to act as a counter-irritant to hot weather, which traditionally makes them thin. It is certain, however, that what the poet calls the triumph of July has not been exhibited anywhere more triumphantly than in the sayings and doings of Ministers, members of Parliament, persons who would like to be members of Parliament, persons who would like to vote for members of Parliament, and so forth. Much good matter must simply remain untouched and unsung for lack of space. Who within the scanty space of two columns can tell of Mr. Labouchere and his motion for packing the House of Lords with good Radicals, and his entire forgetfulness of the subsequent question how long the good Radicals would resist the contagion of sense and decency; or of Miss Muller, with her three pieces of furniture sacrificed to make a broker's holiday in the interests of women's rights—pieces which she valued at eighty pounds, and which the brutal broker valued at nineteen? If ladies (which God forbid!) were a little more experienced in that rough battle of life in which Miss Muller pants to mingle, they would know that the seller's and the buyer's prices have a painful habit of differing in this way. Do they indulge in "valuations" at Girton? If so, the rising generation may perhaps be enlightened on this point; for no two estimates known to man exhibit a more alarming incongruity than the price which a University upholsterer sets on his goods, and the price which the same upholsterer in the character of impartial appraiser puts on them when they become the property of Titius instead of Seius. But Miss Muller evidently did not wish to offer to the deity of the rights of woman that which cost her nothing; and therefore she ought to be more pleased than hurt at the result. If only the treachery or carelessness of a foolish handmaiden had not prevented the regular siege which it is said was planned! But, as Mr. Browning has exquisitely observed, "Never the time and the place, And the loved one all together," which may be regarded as a modern and romantic version of the sententious Greek saying that "the gods are not wont to give all things to man at once." Miss Muller had her seizure, but she had not her siege. So, again, Mr. Thorold Rogers, with his polite insinuations that half the House of Lords in *temp. præs.* are guilty of adultery, and that half the House during time

past ought to have shared the fate of Lord Ferrers and been hanged for murder, can claim only passing notice. It is very much like Mr. Thorold Rogers; it is quite characteristic of the assailants of the House of Lords; the accuracy, the logic, the sweet gentlemanlike reasonableness and good taste of the speech commend themselves at once to the hearer and reader. The Upper House may fairly say to Mr. Rogers:-

And for our foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like B—an—tt, L—b—ch—re, and thee.

But greater subjects call off the lingering commentator. Of that immortal farce which brought down the House (in several senses) on Monday afternoon who shall rightly speak? It might be criticized from various points of view, but perhaps the best verdict on it is to say that it was on the Government side the very best acted and stage-managed thing seen for several years on the boards of the Théâtre des Folies Parlementaires. If a single unofficial Liberal had strayed into the lobby with his chiefs, if Mr. Gladstone had been shade less guilelessly frank in his confession at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute that, though he was spoiling for a fight, a fight would be sadly detrimental to the public interest; if Sir William Harcourt had let the opportunity of noble indignation slip, the thing would have been ruined. As it was, it will remain in the annals of the House memorable, admirable, alone. For it to be repeated the conjunction of such a Prime Minister, such a Ministry, and such a following must be got together, and even then it may be doubtful whether it could be done without resuscitating Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen to do the innocent decoy. The *magnus annus* of the carpenter in *Peter Simple* will roll round before we get these things together again. But any modest man of letters must admit that this particular event lends itself but little to comment. It is too good in itself, too large, too manifold. Like the celebrated teamster whose confession it is the chief glory of Sir Charles Dilke's life to have first reported to English readers (let honour be done to whom honour is due), a man of candour will acknowledge that he is not equal to the occasion. It could be done in Latin verse of ecclesiastical pattern, and in Rabelaisian French; but English prose is below the task.

Far away, however, from St. Stephen's in local situation, but closely connected with it in the order of thought, are two events which are more tempting because less dazzling to the spirit. From Tyne to Tamar the ways are long, and there is a considerable difference between Blyth, one of the least blithe places in the noble county of Northumberland, and Devonport. Neither is Mr. John Morley the same person by any means as Mr. Arnold-Forster. But the two have happened to illustrate very agreeably the lot of the Liberal politician in these days. On Saturday last the Northumberland miners held a picnic at Blyth, and Mr. Morley talked to them. A gentleman, a scholar, a man of the first ability and of amiable character, Mr. Morley certainly might have done these good fellows (very good fellows indeed they are, for the most part) a great service on such an occasion. He might, beside the sounding sea and in the glowing weather, have pointed out to them (and it might well seem that to such a person no task could be more congenial) how base and foul the attempt to set class against class is; how idle are the prejudices which agitators work on in urging the many against the few; how the *Wesen des Gelehrten* prompts a man ever to see what is best in every rank; to try to reconcile these varying bests with one another, and get them to work together for the good of the nation and the race—he might have shown them how foolish is the contention that mere numbers can ever decide the complicated questions of politics satisfactorily, have admitted to them how even the best instructed and ablest of men frequently feels puzzled as to the bestowal of a vote for man or measure. What did he do? He made Mr. Thorold Rogers's speech without Mr. Thorold Rogers's coarseness. The sight of the sea, Mr. Morley said, reminded him of the levelling influence of time on the petty troubles of the day; and he proceeded to illustrate the force of this philosophical reflection on himself by utterly misrepresenting the opposition of the Lords to the Franchise Bill, by putting false words in the mouth of the Peers and suggesting false issues to the ears of the half-instructed thousands who heard him; by representing an appeal to the people as an insult to the people; and by concealing the fact that the right now proposed to be exercised is actually within the right of rejecting all measures once which he suggested in the very same utterance as a limitation to the power of the Upper House. This is what a man of Mr. Morley's intellect, character, and attainments comes to when he becomes a Radical member of Parliament. He becomes not merely a make-bate and a firebrand, a dabbler in paralogism and fallacy. All politicians are liable to these things. He descends to simple, though no doubt unconscious, false witness, and "refreshed in body and composed in spirit," as he describes himself, he says of a body of English gentlemen, who simply demand, in the exercise of their undoubted constitutional right, that the opinion of the constituencies shall be taken for the first time on the swamping of the constituencies, that they are entering on a struggle with the people. There have been many metaphorical Helots since the Spartan practice did or did not give rise for the use of that word in the sense of awful example. But we really do not know that there has ever been one more striking and instructive than Mr. John Morley on the sands of Blyth, showing what becomes of a gentleman, a scholar, a man of ability and amiability, when he sells his soul to befool the democracy, and be befooled by it.

At the other end of England the same lesson has been enforced in the other way. Mr. Arnold-Forster has come forward with somewhat unnecessary generosity to give a different version of his jilting by Devonport from that which was first given. We cannot see that this new account alters the matter much or at all. Mr. Forster, it seems, thinks Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy ruinous folly, and has written articles to that effect in a newspaper. That and nothing else is the reason why Mr. Forster's connexion with the constituency of Devonport as Liberal candidate *en titre* is broken. Whether the local wirepullers gave Mr. Forster notice to quit, or whether, foreseeing their action, he gave them notice to leave, or whether he spontaneously resigned, knowing that if he did not there would be a split in the party, are points doubtless of much interest to the persons directly concerned; but they do not affect the general question to an extent discernible by an assayer's scale. In Devonport as elsewhere the test administered by the Caucuses and their chiefs is, it is granted, not "What are your general political views?" nor "To what statesman or party are you prepared to give a general support?" but "Will you follow So-and-so or So-and-so's party, through right and wrong, through thick and thin, without asking questions and without entertaining scruples?" "Will you, in short, leave your conscience and your intellect in the keeping of us, the Caucus, when you are proposed, and only come for them again when you are turned out, or resign?" That, and nothing else, is the lesson of the Devonport incident, by Mr. Forster's own account of it; and a very pleasant completion to the spectacle already given by Mr. John Morley it is. It has long been supposed that an English gentleman of sufficient position and ability to stand for Parliament put his proxy in the pocket-book of no Minister, on whatever side. For our own part, we think no better of a man who would vote for Lord Salisbury, whatever Lord Salisbury might propose, than we think of the persons who, in some cases openly and *totidem verbis* in many cases, by their action in Parliament have declared their intention to vote for anything and against anything so long as they can keep Lord Salisbury and Lord Salisbury's party out of Downing Street. If Toryism is at this moment preferable to Liberalism, it is simply because the present creed of the Tory party is more compatible with sound politics and with the prosperity of the country than the present creed of the Liberal party. But the instant that a party called, or calling itself, Tory committed itself to a policy wanting in either of these respects

τρω καὶ οὐδέποτε, κύμα Κακούριον λαχόν

is and should be the wish of every sane Englishman. The country has before it the confession, not of one, but of scores, of distinguished Liberals that the present policy of their party and of their Ministry contravenes the principles of sound politics, and is dangerous, if not ruinous, to the interests of England. But, say they, they must support Mr. Gladstone. But, say the Devonport Liberals, we can't vote for any one who won't support Mr. Gladstone through thick and thin. But, says Mr. John Morley, the Lords oppose Mr. Gladstone's measures; therefore let us say they are doing something they have never done and saying something they have never said.

Oh Théâtre des Folies Parlementaires, what a company you have got!

CARTMELL AND ITS PRIORY.

CARTMELL Priory Church—the sole survivor of the magnificient monastic foundations, Whalley, Furness, Cockersand, Penwortham, and the like, with which the wide extent of the County Palatine of Lancaster was once so thickly studded—is a noble memorial of one of the greatest names in English history, William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. Founded in 1183, just when the tidings of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin had sent a mighty throb at once of shame and of terror through the whole of Christendom, and the potentates of Europe, laying aside their petty differences, were vying with one another which should be the first to take the cross for the great Catholic crusade which was to wipe out the disgrace of their common faith and stay the advance of the unbeliever, and Englishmen, for the first time in their national life, were cheerfully paying, under the name of the "Saladin tithe," a general tax on all their goods and chattels—"sicutum decimata est tota Anglia," as Wykes records in his *Chronicon*—the Augustinian Priory, built by William Marshall in the centre of his barony of Cartmell, is a token, one among many, of the newly-awakened religious fervour swaying the land. William Marshall had at this time barely reached middle life. The latter and the more important half of his career had yet to be run. He had still to display that combination of farseeing statesmanship with promptitude in action, of purest patriotism with undivining loyalty to the worst of sovereigns, of zeal for civil liberty with a recognition of the necessity of a legal government, which, in the words of Mr. Hallam, have entitled him and his colleague, Archbishop Stephen Langton—those "pillars of our Church and State"—above all others "to the glory of Magna Charta" and "the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns." "The intimate friend of the younger Henry"—Henry II.'s unworthy namesake and destined heir—"a justice and regent under Richard, who had helped to set John on the throne, and had remained faithful to him to the last," to adopt Dr. Stubbe's description of him, it was William Marshall's prompt and resolute action which, on the opportune death of his miserable master at

Newark, caused the general recognition of the little nine-years-old boy, Henry III., as the rightful sovereign, and saved England, whose Barons had so recklessly thrown themselves into the hands of the Dauphin Lewis, from having to "win her freedom in a mortal struggle with France"; and it was he who, as the acknowledged "Gouvernor of the King and Kingdom"—such was the title accorded to him by the unanimous voice of the baronage, as the superior of all in "age, dignity, experience, and faithfulness"—steered the bark of the State safely through the perilous storms which beat upon the infant throne, and before his death, early in 1219, restored, outwardly at least, peace and order to the long distracted country. Well would it have been for Henry III. and for England if his weak and shifty manhood had had other advisers of William Marshall's stamp. But these were William Marshall's later glories. When Cartmell Priory was founded Henry II. was still on the throne, a weary, heartbroken, prematurely old man, deserted by his wife, deceived and insulted by his sons; those sons whose better genius William Marshall was destined to be, helping at least to mitigate the evils their misrule and personal vices brought upon the country which was unhappy enough to have them for its sovereigns. As a monument of one of England's greatest benefactors the stern grey fabric of Cartmell Priory Church deserves a visit from all to whom her hard-won liberties are dear.

The district—we had almost said the province—of Cartmell is a portion of that isolated division of Lancashire to the north of Morecambe Bay known as "Lonsdale North of the Sands," absolutely cut off from the main body of the county by the estuary of the Kent and the Kier; and which, though assigned to the County Palatine from a very early period by arbitrary civil partition, is physically identical with Cumberland and Westmoreland. It is the borderland of the Lake Country to the south, exhibiting on a reduced scale its most characteristic natural features; and, in the opinion of the poet Wordsworth—no mean judge of such matters—affords the best way of approaching the region so as to be introduced gradually to its picturesque beauties. The name Cartmell is now restricted to the easternmost and smaller of the two promontories which jut out into the wide expanse of Morecambe Bay. But it originally embraced the whole country between the estuaries of the Kent and the Duddon, including the territory of Furness. Its name is distinctly British. It exhibits the Celtic roots "cart," an enclosure—here a fortified enclosure—and "moel," a hill. The hill-fort, the site of which has hitherto eluded research, gave its name to the whole district which it commanded and of which it was the key. "Furness," on the other hand, is as unmistakably Norse. It is either the "fore-ness," or "front headland"—name exactly describing its position stretching southward in front of Morecambe Bay, the first land sighted by those sailing from the west—or possibly "fire-ness," with reference, as Dr. Isaac Taylor has pointed out, to the beacons kindled by the Northmen to guide their companions in their voyages from the Isle of Man or the opposite coast of Ireland to their settlements in the Lake district. Evidences of British occupation are not wanting in the Cartmell district. The remains of primeval dry-stone huts and menhirs are to be seen on the western crest of Hampsfell, overlooking the rich valley. Celtic remains have been discovered in other spots on the steep sides of the fells, and especially on the summit of the precipitous mountain-limestone rock known as Castlehead, or Atterpile, rising from the alluvial flat to the east of Grange, once evidently an island, as the neighbouring "Holme Island" still is, and successively occupied as a stronghold to guard the mouth of the estuary by Britons, Romans, Angles, and Norsemen. The first probable reference to Cartmell in history is in connexion with Agricola's second campaign, A.D. 79, when, after securing the possession of the Isle of Anglesea, that able general undertook the extension of the Roman province to the north. Having overrun the lands of the western Brigantian tribes, the language of Tacitus (*Vit. Agr. c. 20*)—"loca castris ipse capere, restuaria ac silvas ipsa prætentare"—shows the Roman commander personally directing the march of his troops over the celebrated Lancaster sands—the scene of so many hairbreadth escapes and terrible tragedies—and across the headlands, then densely covered with wood, and securing the country behind them by well-chosen stationary camps. The occupation of this country was important for Agricola's design of subjugating Ireland, only thwarted by his recall in 86 by the jealousy of Domitian—thus, in the words of Dean Milman, "leaving Ireland to her foes and her feuds for eleven more centuries"; and here he probably collected his forces for the projected invasion, "in spem magis quam ob formidinem." Roman roads, the pavement of which, according to the usual practice, has been taken up and used by the neighbouring farmers for their stone fences, ran across both peninsulas, in continuation of the "over-sands" route crossing the three estuaries of the Kent, the Leven, and the Duddon, which, until the construction of the Barrow line of railway, continued to be the chief mode of approach to these isolated districts.

Deserted by the Romans, until the latter part of the seventh century Cartmell formed part of the old British kingdom of Cumbria. Egfrith of Northumbria, on the westward march of his conquests, made himself master of the province, which, together with the scanty remnants of the old inhabitants—"Cartmell et omnes Britannos cum eo," writes Symeon of Durham—he gave in 685 to St. Cuthbert. The British clergy, we gather from Eddi's life of Wilfrid, had generally fled before the conqueror's sword, and deserted their flocks—"aciem gladii hostilis manu gentis nostrae fugiens." The sheep were left without a shepherd. In the Saint of Lindisfarne—himself a frequent visitor to Cumbria, having in St.

Heribert, the recluse of Derwentwater, one of his dearest and most trusted friends—the rude population would find a true spiritual father. Though we have no direct evidence of the fact, we can hardly doubt that the modern town of Cartmell, as the capital of the district, had been the seat of a church in early times, and that the sacred tradition was perpetuated by St. Cuthbert. Certainly there was a church there before the foundation of the priory, for its advowson formed part of William Marshall's endowment. We wish we knew its dedication. It would throw light on its age. If Canon Raine is correct in his interpretation of Eddi's words—and those who know that gentleman's accuracy of knowledge and soundness of judgment will be slow to think him in error—Cartmell was one of those "consecrated places"—"loca sancta in diversis regionibus"—which Wilfrid claimed for his see as the gift—"amabile donum"—of the "religious kings" of his own and former times. The other places named by Eddi are identified by Canon Raine with Gilling and the country watered by the Duddon. The ecclesiastical allegiance of the remoter districts of England was fluctuating and uncertain in early days. The powerful personality of Wilfrid would appear to have established so firm a hold over Cartmell and the other districts enumerated by Eddi that, on the establishment of the See of Carlisle by Henry I. in 1133, they failed to follow the rest of the country with which they are physically connected, and remained attached to the See of York. Of this vast diocese, stretching right across England from the German Ocean to the Irish Channel, from the chalk bluffs of Flamborough Head to the red sandstone cliffs of St. Bees, they continued part, constituting the huge sprawling Archdeaconry of Richmond, until this was shifted by Henry VIII. to his straggling ragged-edged diocese of Chester. They remained under the nominal supervision of the Bishops of Chester—personal supervision of so remote and wild a district must have been wholly impracticable—until the great removing of landmarks in our own days, when the Yorkshire deaneries contributed to form the diocese of Ripon, and Cartmell and Furness, with the adjacent portions of Cumberland and Westmoreland, were added to the diocese of Carlisle, which thus, after the lapse of seven centuries, conformed itself to the boundaries laid down by nature. It is not easy to realize that during such recent episcopates as those of Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Sumner so large a portion of the Lake Country looked to Chester for its confirmations and all other episcopal functions. We fancy bishops' visits were a rarity in those days.

Cartmell Priory Church is a building of very remarkable character, exhibiting much that is unusual, if not unique, in its architectural design and its internal fittings. Though not a church of large dimensions, being only 160 ft. in length from east to west, with a transept of 110 ft. long, it possesses far greater dignity and looks larger than many a church much its superior in size. With walls of the rudest construction, scarcely broken by broad pilaster buttresses, and a stern contempt of ornamental detail, there are few of our minsters more impressive in external effect, or which it is more impossible to forget. In its general aspect, as well as in some of its details, especially the steep battlements running up to the rude cones which do duty for pinnacles, the building looks far more Irish than English. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered that its founder was, in right of his wife, Strongbow's daughter, lord of Leinster and had endowed the priory with Irish lands and advowsons. The individuality which is its marked characteristic in almost every part reaches its climax in the upper stage of the tower, which is set diagonally on the broad low lantern beneath, with its angles in the centre of the sides of the lower stage. The effect is most quaint. Some denounce it as "abominably ugly." It can hardly be called beautiful. But we agree with the late Mr. Petit, than whom no one had a truer eye for architectural effect, that the design is as effective as it is ingenious. The plan was certainly a clever one. An additional belfry stage was needed. The funds at command, it may be concluded, were unequal to carrying up the tower in its original dimensions. So strong pointed arches were thrown across the angles of the lantern within, supporting the new story. In no way could the accommodation for the bells have been provided so effectually at so small a cost. The design is believed to be unique in this country. Mr. Petit mentions an example at Rheims much inferior in effect. Hornby Church also not many miles distant, is said to have an upper octagonal stage set diagonally on the stage below. But no other examples have, we believe, been discovered. This singular design, it must be allowed, gains nothing from its workmanship. The windows and all its details are of Late Perpendicular of the coarsest kind.

The choir and transepts are of the date of the foundation—the latter part of the twelfth century—and are good examples of the transitional style. The original windows were tall lancets, shafted externally, with square abaci and crisp foliage in the capitals. Nearly all of these, however, have given place to Perpendicular insertions, some very good, some much the reverse. The east gable, which had a double tier of lancets, traces of which are still to be seen, is now filled with a vast acutely-pointed Perpendicular window of Caen stone, 45 ft. high by 24 ft. in breadth, which, in the simplicity of its design, the admirable subordination of its three planes of tracery, without the slightest confusion of line, and the delicacy of its workmanship, deserves to take a very high rank in the window tracery of the style. In the east wall of the north transept a pair of lancets have been thrown into one large round-headed opening,

the whole of the mouldings being worked up again, and afterwards filled with Perpendicular tracery. The effect is singular and at first sight perplexing. In the main arches of the interior there is a capricious admixture of semicircular and pointed forms. On either side of the choir are two round-headed arches, with very bold but effective ornamentation, exhibiting early and varied forms of the afterwards universally adopted dog's-tooth moulding. One of the capitals on the north side has singular sculptures of intertwined snakes with large flat heads. The arches opening from the transepts to the aisles are pointed, as are the four lantern arches, the loftiness and excellent proportions of which impart immense dignity to what must be styled a very remarkable interior. Above the choir arcade runs a continuous triforium arcade of low pointed arches with square abaci, which, till the late restoration, had been built up flush with the walls. The clerestory throughout is singularly rude, rather indicative of those who began to build and had not wherewithal to finish. The clerestory windows are mere oblong openings, filled at a later period with poor Perpendicular tracery. In the fourteenth century the south aisle of the choir was widened and lengthened for the accommodation of the parishioners, and designated the "Parish Quire." The opposite aisle has the name of the "Piper Quire," possibly from its accommodating the players on wind-instruments who, in the absence of an organ, accompanied the services on high festivals. This aisle is the only part of the church which has its original Transition groining. The windows of the "Parish Quire" exhibit varied forms of flowing tracery of good type. One of the side lancets of the choir, to the south, has been widened at a later period, and converted into a clumsy aperture into which has been packed, with little regard to architectural propriety, as much as it would hold of the mutilated canopy covering an altar-tomb, on which repose the effigies of a knight and his lady, attended by a whole army of diminutive monks ranged on either side, some kneeling in prayer, some chanting in pairs from the same open book. The effigies are of singular beauty, and display greater proofs of the sculptor's art than is common in our mediæval sepulchral figures. It is somewhat remarkable that there should be no certain knowledge whom the effigies represent, nor whence the monument came. Mr. Fletcher Riggé, in a paper read before the Diocesan Archaeological Society, has demonstrated that the effigies are of the latter part of the thirteenth or early in the fourteenth century, and that they represent members of the great family of Harrington of Gleaston and Hornby, but he confesses himself unable to identify them, or to point out with any certainty the original situation of the tomb. *Aduo sub judice lis est.* The appropriation of the south choir aisle to the parochial services, instead of the nave as was usually the case, may be regarded as a proof that, as at Hexham, Milton Abbey, and Merton College Chapel, the nave was not erected at the same time with the rest of the building. At Cartmell we can see a sufficient cause for this halting progress. The northern districts of England were subject to frequent and destructive invasions of the Scots. In 1322 Robert the Bruce, having crossed the Border, devastated Holme Cultram Abbey in Cumberland, Furness and Cartmell only escaping the same fate on the payment of a heavy contribution in money. The conventional lands having been laid waste by the soldiers, the impoverished canons of Cartmell would have no funds to devote to building. Earlier unrecorded invasions may probably have had a similar effect in retarding the completion of the church. In 1230 there was certainly an attempt made to finish the buildings. In that year Archbishop Gray of York granted "twenty days' pardon" to all who contributed to the fabric of "St. Mary of Kertmell." No part of the existing church, however, can be assigned to that date. The archiepiscopal appeal may have been in aid of the monastic buildings, which from the few remaining traces would seem to have been erected at this time. The existing nave is of Early Perpendicular date. It is of plain but effective design, with three well-proportioned arches on octagonal piers. But it is decidedly commonplace and hardly worthy of the earlier part of the fabric. The starting of the original design may be seen in the projecting masonry of the thicker wall and Transitional responds at the extreme east end of the nave. The walls of the aisles were erected long before the rest of the nave. That to the south, which contains a pure Transitional doorway, is the earlier. The reason is evident. A cloister court, with its annexed buildings, is of the essence of a monastic institution. For this the aisle wall, with doorways opening into the church, was necessary. So the southern wall was first erected, and then, when, as we shall see, the site of the cloister was shifted, the other was built, irrespective of the nave which was one day to fill up the space between them. The evidence of the alteration of plan by the transference of the monastic buildings from the south to the north side of the church is very interesting. A blocked doorway, some feet from the ground, in the southern gable of the south transept, shows that the dormitory was originally placed, or intended to be placed, on that side. Some corbels and an aumbry in the western wall of the same transept as well as the south aisle doorway, tell of the commencement of a cloister in the customary place. Whether this was ever finished we cannot say. Certain it is that about fifty years afterwards, probably for the sake of better drainage, the cloister with the buildings surrounding it, was transferred to the opposite side, a new dormitory door being cut in the bottom of one of the two end lancets of the north transept, and both windows,

the dormitory now blocking them, being built up. An Early English shafted doorway was formed in the north aisle to communicate with the eastern walk of the cloister, the grooves of the roofs of which are still to be seen in the western wall of the transept. The projecting corbels in the wall of the north aisle, which is windowless, show that a pentice ran along that side. Of the other walks of the cloister, as well as of the refectory, chapter-house, and other conventional buildings, there are no visible traces. The only portion of the priory buildings remaining is the Edwardian Gate House, facing the market-place—a tall, square tower, evidently built for defence, very probably after Bruce's inroad had taught the canons the necessity of strengthening their bulwarks. It has some good flowing tracery windows, and a fine statue niche. The upper room, once the court-house of the manor, was purchased by the townsmen of Mr. Preston of Holker in 1624, and to it the Grammar School was moved, which had previously been held in the church.

Passing into the interior of the church, the choir retains its ancient oaken returned stalls, of the later Perpendicular period, with carved misereres, some of very singular design. The bench-ends and poppy-heads are much worn from the effects of the weather during the eighty years after the Dissolution, when the choir was unroofed and left open to the sky. They are surmounted by lofty canopies and rich lattice-work screens shutting off the aisles, with elaborately carved, slender, Corinthian pillars, wreathed with vine foliage and grapes, supporting a cornice of much richness, over which and on the pillars the emblems of the Passion are profusely scattered. In addition to the hammer and nails, the spear and the sponge, the ladder and the cross, and the other customary figures, we notice the "lanterns, torches, and weapons" of the apprehenders of our Lord, and Malchus's ear quaintly displayed on Peter's sword. The treatment of the whole is unusual. The perforated panels between the stalls and in the western screen, where they open on hinges, display graceful tracery of flowing lines in varied patterns. The western screen retains its doors, above which, on both the outer and inner side, run verses from the Psalms in capitals carved and gilt. The whole of the oak is of the richest hue—brown, approaching to black—on which the uncoloured hand of the restorer has happily never been laid. Now that the magnificent choir fittings of Wimborne Minster have been sacrificed to supposed congregational necessities, the Cartmell woodwork stands unrivalled in beauty of design, prodigality of ornament, and excellence of execution, free from the coarseness which spoils much Jacobean work. It is not too much to say that the choir of Cartmell Church is one of the most magnificent things in the kingdom, as well as one of the most interesting as an example of ritual arrangement of the early part of the seventeenth century, and that it is well worth taking a journey to see. The same pious hand to which the church is indebted for these priceless examples of the carver's skill—that of George Preston of Holker—from whom the Holker and Cartmell estates have passed collaterally by marriage to the Cavendishes—also re-roofed the church, which had remained uncovered since the Dissolution, and decorated it with richly-fretted plaster ceilings. These ceilings, which are depicted in Coney's masterly etching in the new edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, we grieve to say are now things of the past. They had fallen into decay, and in the great restoration of thirty years since—a restoration which was on the whole carried out in an excellent spirit, to the general improvement of the fabric both in stability and decency—they were torn down as out of harmony with the architecture of the church, and Preston's "newe roofer of Tymber" left exposed. We believe that the destruction of these ceilings is now felt to have been a mistake. But, however much we may lament them, their loss is irreparable. We may well be thankful that it was not found necessary, as at Wimborne, to pluck down the screens as interfering with the sight and hearing of the congregation. During this restoration Cartmell Church suffered other losses. The etching we have mentioned shows a far more picturesque interior than at present. Little as we might find to admire in the design of the old-fashioned "three-decker" pulpit with its sounding-board—ordered to be "raised 2 feete" in 1660—and the lofty canopied pew by its side, from which the magnates of the parish could look down on the commoner worshippers, they formed a group of so much originality and embodying so much history, that we cannot but regret their loss, a regret which is not lessened by the coldly correct stone pulpit which has taken the place of the former lofty structure. For the removal of the old octagonal font, with its tall pyramidal cover—now thrown aside in the side aisle as a bit of useless lumber—ordered at the same time to be "erected in the usual place," even if, as we are told, it had been mutilated by the chisel of an ignorant carver—a would-be restorer in his way—there is far less justification. The Communion rails, also, set up in 1636 of "sound and good timber of the best sort," and varnished four years later when "the Chancellor came," apart from their historic value as examples of the Laudian restoration, were infinitely superior to the long characterless rail, supported on feeble iron work, which has usurped their place. Unsatisfactory in itself, this rail is made worse by its position on the upper instead of the lower step of the sacraum, the ancient limits being plainly shown by the sedilia. To mention one more unhappy mistake. Before the restoration there was a classical reredos of wainscot of the usual type. Now the east wall is occupied by a pointed arcade of cold white stone, rising so high as to hide several feet of the east window, to the injury of its grand proportion, each arch containing

a painting of a saint on a gold ground. In design and execution these figures are certainly pleasing; but both in colour and in idea the whole thing is entirely out of harmony with all about it. If not architecturally beautiful, the old wainscot reredos, with its Moses and Aaron, was far more in keeping with the glorious Renaissance fittings. "Why couldn't they let it alone?"

We have spoken of George Preston's magnificently executed restoration of the ruined choir of Cartmell Church. But we have yet to tell how it came to be a ruin, and the circumstances which led to its restoration. The whole story is curious, especially in connexion with the class of churches—semi-monastic, semi-parochial—to which, through the Arundel lawsuit, much attention has been directed of late.

We have said that, in default of a nave, the south aisle of the choir was assigned to the townsmen of Cartmell as their parish church. Even after the nave was built in the fifteenth century, the parishioners continued to meet there for worship. This saved the whole fabric. The Royal Commissioners for the Dissolution of Monasteries found a difficulty at Cartmell not presented at Furness or Whalley or the neighbouring religious houses. If the nave had been the parochial church all would have been easy enough. As at Leominster and Worksop and Shrewsbury and other places, the choir of the monks would have been "plucked down," and the nave suffered to stand. But the parish church was in the south choir aisle. The choir could not be demolished without destroying one side of it. The Commissioners were at a nonplus. So they applied for instructions to headquarters. The records of the Duchy of Lancaster, as quoted by Dr. Whitaker, contain the inquiries and the replies:—"It", for ye Churche of Cartmell beeyng ye Priorie and also ye P'ich Churche whether to stand unplucked downe or not?" "Ord. by Mr. Chancellor of the Duchie to stand stylly." A "suet of Coops" (suit of copes) claimed by the parishioners was also granted; but to their application for "a Chales, a Masse Booke, a Vestment with other things necessarie for a P'ish Church" no answer was returned. But, though it was ordered that the walls should stand, the decree did not extend to the roofs. The lead was therefore stripped off and melted, the roof timbers were carried away, and the sacred building was left exposed to the elements for hard upon a century. We must suppose that the side arches were built up or blocked with lath and plaster. How the parishioners became possessed of the fabric of the church, whether by purchase or gift, is nowhere clearly stated. But from 1597 onwards we find them repairing the roofs and windows, taking up and relaying the lead and mending the gutters, slating the roofs, glazing the windows, and gradually bringing the dilapidated fabric into order. In 1610 the monastic estates, and presumably a right to the fabric of the conventional church, passed by sale from the Crown to the often-mentioned Mr. George Preston of Holker, one of the earliest church-restorers on record, who with little delay commenced a noble and costly restoration of the choir, aided to some extent by the parishioners. Between 1617 and 1630 this manificent Churchman did, as stands recorded on his monument in the south aisle, "out of his zeale to God at his Great Charges repaire this church, being in greate decay, with a newe Rooffe of Tymber and beautified it within very decently with fretted plaiers Worke, adorned the chancell with curious carved Wood-worke, and placed therein a paire of Organs of Greate Valewe." Animated by such large generosity, the townsmen undertook the repair of the nave, agreeing, February 16, 1623, "that the bodystead of the church"—fine old word we commend to the notice of the editors of the Dictionary of the Philological Society—"shall be decently repaired before Whitsuntyde next, . . . and see muche of the churche as is alreadie repaired well shall bee made cleane and decent as it ought to bee." Two years later, 1625, James Topping was commissioned to make a new clock, "with two dyalls," one within and the other without the church, and two weights—"the stroake P.lum" (plumbum) "and the hour P.lum."

We cannot trace the history of the restoration of the church any further. In 1640 Mr. George Preston, who had raised it from ruin, died. Evil days soon set in. In October 1643 the Parliamentary troops occupied Cartmell, and, as popular tradition asserts, stabled their horses in the church, and used the south-west door as a target for their musket practice. The "pair of organs of Greate Valewe" went the way of all such Popish furniture. The reign of Puritanism began. Huge galleries soon blocked up the transept and the aisles—one known by the ill-omened name of "the dark gallery," in which it was said a game of cards has been played without either minister or congregation being any the wiser. The area of the church was encumbered with pews—pens rather—of all shapes and sizes; one, built by the Dicconsions of Wraysholme Tower, actually standing on ball-casters of oak, so as to admit of being wheeled about according to circumstances. The vast neglected fabric was suffered to fall into rapid decay. The Lowthers and other successors of George Preston at Holker had little of his zeal for the house of God. Matters went from bad to worse. At the beginning of the century Dr. Whitaker described the church as "something between a cathedral and a ruin, with damp floors, green walls, and rotting beams, affording shelter just sufficient for owls and bats; and the light augmented with broken panes." From this horrible state of degradation the church has now been lifted by the energy of successive incumbents and the liberality of the parishioners, especially the present noble owners of Holker, in whom George Preston's spirit has revived again. If we have found it necessary to con-

demn some things done during the course of this restoration; if it has wiped out some historical features, and has left the interior of Cartmell Church less picturesque than it found it; we are glad at the same time to bear testimony to the comparatively small amount of mischief that has been done—some is unavoidable in every restoration—and to the sound architectural knowledge and good taste with which the work has been conducted. We hope soon to hear of the east and west windows being filled with stained glass, such as that which with such excellent results has been put up in the west windows of King's College Chapel and of Spalding Church. The gorgeousness of the small remains of ancient glass in the east window renders the flood of white light pouring through its ramified mullions the more intolerable. An altar tomb, with a recumbent effigy by Mr. Woolner of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, is about to be erected. May we conclude by expressing our earnest hope that it will be worthy of the church, and that a wise judgment may be exercised on determining its position? It is not a matter to be settled in a hurry.

GENERAL GORDON'S THEOLOGY.

OUR readers will recollect our noticing about two months ago General Gordon's *Reflections in Palestine*, which we described, according to its obvious character, as "a general theological disquisition"; and we pointed out its remarkable testimony, amid strange and perplexing incoherencies, to the growing "appreciation of historical and sacramental Christianity." We are not at all surprised however to learn, from the opening of Mr. Mallock's paper called "General Gordon's Message" in the *Fortnightly Review*, that the General himself shares the impression made on his readers that this little book does not adequately exhibit "any coherent system" of theology. And as he actually holds a very definite and peculiar system of belief, while moreover he "left England for the Soudan with the conviction firmly fixed in his mind"—which every one must hope to see falsified by the event—"that he will never return alive," it is only natural that he should be anxious to provide against these convictions, to which he attaches a supreme importance, being lost to the world. He therefore desired an intimate friend, to whom he had entrusted certain unpublished manuscripts, to use them for giving the world a coherent account of his religious views, the *dicta membra* of which, so to speak, can alone be recognized in his little work on Palestine. This friend, for reasons left unexplained, asked Mr. Mallock to undertake the task, and he agreed to do so on condition that he was not to be understood as himself adopting General Gordon's views, or even thinking them a valuable contribution to theological science, while at the same time they do in many ways excite his interest and sympathy; and there he will certainly find not a few to agree with him. It is hardly necessary for us to premise that, while some of these theories appear to us in a high degree fanciful—if not more than fanciful—nothing can be further from our intention, in the brief sketches we propose to give here, than to cast any ridicule upon them. The sacredness of the theme and the transparent sincerity and noble character of the man himself alike forbid all temptation to such trifling. And now, without further preface, we will do our best within our limited space to put our readers in possession of a theological scheme which, if original in its present shape, will be seen to have close and curious affinities—the more curious because apparently unsuspected by its author—with both the formal teachings and the informal but current opinions of medieval and later Catholicism. The opening passages cited are so completely in the manner of an inspired prophet that they might have come from St. Bernard or Savonarola, and make one marvel that he who so speaks should not have felt the Christian ministry, rather than the army, to be his proper sphere. The distinctive spirit and substance of the teaching is well summed up by Mr. Mallock in the following passage:—

When an ordinary preacher of to-day uses the traditional phrases of religion—when he speaks of hell, of Jerusalem, of union with the Body of Christ, of the warfare between flesh and spirit, and the contrast between earth and heaven—he is at once understood to be dealing merely in metaphors. But to the writer from whence the above passages are taken such phrases as these have a meaning as literal as they had to Dante. Hell for him is a veritable abys of fire; the new Jerusalem is a veritable city in the heavens; and the Jerusalem on the earth is a spot so sacred, that the configuration of the ground it stands upon is a hieroglyphic designed by God. Over that spot, in a special way, the glory of God is still hovering in the firmament; Christ, with human eye, still looks down on the place of his crucifixion; and whenever the sacrament of the altar is celebrated, an angel descends from above with a drop of the blessed blood, and mixes it with the bread and wine.

General Gordon's whole theological system may be said to rest on his peculiar conception of the material world—not the universe, with stars and planets he meddles not, considering this earth, as the preordained dwelling-place of man, to be the special theatre of the work of Divine Providence. And hence the unique importance he attaches, as reader of his book on Palestine will recollect, to the physical geography of Jerusalem. To him Jerusalem is a place so sacred, and so marked out by God as the centre of His operations, that a mystical meaning may be found in its situation and in the very shape of its rocks. Thus, "the whole outline of this sacred eastern hill, lying opposite the Mount of Olives, bears a rough and large resemblance to the human form; from the Skull Hill [Calvary] on the north-north-west, the body lies—as did that of the victim—aslant or askew to the altar of burnt sacrifices." And then,

again, the Valley of Tophet, which was "the pleasure park of Jerusalem," becomes "a type of the world, close to Gehenna, the Valley of Fire, leading to the Abyss, the Dead Sea." This "Skull Hill," which he commonly calls "the Rock," is indeed for General Gordon the historical pivot of the world, and he refers to an Arabian tradition that this Rock came down from heaven, and out of its multiplied substance was fashioned the whole earth and the first man, who found his grave beneath it. We may note in passing that there is also a Jewish tradition of Adam being buried on Mount Calvary, which is mentioned by Origen and several of the Christian Fathers. General Gordon further thinks that the Rock was the first dry land to emerge from the waters which originally covered the whole earth, and "that it had a history even before it emerged, connected with Lucifer or Eblis, which appears to have been the name of the devil after the fall." In that prehistoric age the devil and his angels endeavoured to found on the still aqueous Rock the capital of an abiding kingdom, whence he is called in Scripture "the prince of this world." That however is propounded rather as matter of pious opinion than of faith. The history of creation is thus introduced:—

God then divides the waters into two divisions, one set of waters above that firmament, the other set of waters below that firmament. He calls the firmament *Heaven*. He synagogues the set of waters under the firmament into one place, and calls them *seas*. The firmament, or heaven, denotes something beaten out like a thin plate; and it is evident that this firmament or heaven is the paved work of a sapphire, the body of heaven in its clearness, on which rest the feet of God. Therefore the division between the waters above, and the waters below the firmament, is the place on which God's throne now rests. It is above the waters or seas of the earth, it is below the waters that are above the throne of God (which last, he says in another place, are the rainbow about the throne, mentioned in Revelation), and hence evidently on this beaten surface is the throne of God, the true ark of the Covenant. God, when He made the firmament on which His throne rests, did so on the second day. On the third day he gathered the waters (below the firmament) together in one place, and called them seas; and by such gathering together made the earth appear.

Immediately below this throne of God was the site of the earthly Jerusalem with its temple, and the Rock which first emerged from the water became the navel of the world. The earth itself is described as "a hollow globe, filled probably with fire in the interior, enclosed in two other hollow globes, the first the firmament, on which rests the throne of God; and the second the concentric sheet of the waters that are above the firmament." The words we have italicized recall, of course, however unconsciously, the mediæval belief, still sometimes maintained, that the fire of hell and of purgatory is in the centre of the earth. Man was created to replace the fallen angels—another very general tradition in the Church—by infusing souls already existent into physical bodies, and it is probable that the devil was also imprisoned by God in a physical body, whereupon he fled from the Rock towards the hemisphere of darkness at the furthest point from the light and throne of God. This language is not to be metaphorically but literally interpreted:—

We must conceive therefore that as the throne of light is over the Rock, the devil's seat would be on the other side of the globe, over lat. $31^{\circ} 47' S.$, long. $24^{\circ} 45' W.$, close to Bass Isle, south of Otabelle, not far from Pitcairn's Isle, where the mutineers of H.M.S. *Bounty* settled. Now it is remarkable that if a line be passed through Jerusalem and the centre of the globe, this axis would present the northern hemisphere as nearly all land, while the southern hemisphere would be nearly all water. You will see it at once on a globe. In Revelations and Daniel the Beast (evil powers) came out of the sea. In the new world there will be no more sea.

The body of man was formed from the clay of the Potter's Field, under the Rock which was "the devil's clay"—apparently because he had before fixed his seat there—and hence from the first it was tainted. This physical taint might however have been purified, had man persevered in a state of obedience to his Creator, but when he yielded to the Tempter and ate the forbidden fruit "in a kind of diabolic Eucharist," it was developed in his natural body and began to affect his soul. His increasing wickedness eventually made the flood a necessity, and thenceforth there has been a constant battle between man and the devil, which can only end when the latter is finally imprisoned in the hollow centre of the globe whose surface he sought to rule. Then will the New Jerusalem descend from the throne of God on the site of the Old, containing all that was beautiful in the Garden of Eden, which was actually carried up to heaven after the Fall, and among other things the river which originally fed the four streams of Paradise named in Genesis. It was on "the Rock," not on Mount Ararat in Armenia, that the Ark rested, and Noah offered sacrifice; and here too Abraham prepared to offer up Isaac. This last identification of Moriah with Calvary represents of course a very prevalent tradition. As regards original sin it is a physical taint derived by generation, according to the view of "physiologists," that actual life from father to children is a connected current, with no gap." The fruit of the forbidden tree which caused the taint was literal poison, and its effects can only be counteracted by a second eating "of the immaculate Body of Christ, crucified and risen" in the Eucharist. This real presence is miraculous, and we must choose between the miracle of Transubstantiation and the—certainly not less wonderful—miracle of "the bringing down of the actual blood into the bread of the angels," which we have already seen to be General Gordon's explanation of the mystery. The eating by the baptized of the body of Christ produces an identity between their flesh and His, which however is not perfect till the mystical number of the elect is full—that is, we presume, according to the received tradition, till the number of the lost angels is replaced—when their souls will be clothed again with bodies absolutely puri-

fied. Their dwelling-place will be, as already intimated, in the New Jerusalem, a city at once material and spiritual, on the regenerated earth, and the sea, with the devil and his angels, will disappear into the centre of the earth, according to the Apocalyptic prophecy, "there was no more sea."

We have already observed that there is a close resemblance, however little intended, between a great deal of this view and current beliefs or doctrines of the Church. Mr. Mallock however is quite correct in insisting that there is a wide distinction between belief, however prevalent, and dogmas "formulated by the Catholic Church"—by which, it need hardly be said, he always means the Roman Catholic Church. Thus the belief of hell fire being in the centre of the earth was very general in the middle ages, and is still often taught, but it is not considered *de fide* that there is even material fire in hell at all. In some respects however General Gordon's theology has certainly far more affinity to Catholic than to Protestant traditions, as in his view of the soul, which according to the latter "is in the body as a sailor is in the boat," while the latter "defines the soul as *forma corporis*." And still more markedly is his realistic view of the Eucharist—and it is at once more realistic and less philosophical than the Tridentine doctrine—entirely out of harmony with ordinary Protestant notions. Lord Macaulay, who considers what he calls "the literal interpretation of the text" in the Tridentine decrees an "absurdity," is careful to add that, for those who do not so regard it, no advance that science has made or ever will make can supply any fresh arguments against a belief which men of the mark of Sir Thomas More were ready to die for. He would probably have thought General Gordon's still more "literal interpretation" still more "absurd," but it would be difficult to offer any scientific disproof of it. The same can hardly be said of some of his theories, which however he evidently conceives himself to be quite in accord with the newest lights of physical science.

There are other passages of General Gordon's we had marked for extracting, notably from his meditations and prayers, conceived in a strain of lofty and passionate devotion which might easily cause them to be mistaken by a not unintelligent critic for leaves from the Confessions of St. Augustine. But we must content ourselves with a word in conclusion as to the ethical outcome of this curious scheme of theology. It might be supposed at first sight that a theory of sin and its curse depending so largely on physical and external causes would leave little scope for the importance of moral conduct, and there are statements which look that way. But the author warns us not to "follow human reasoning" in such a matter, and in fact teaches that everything depends on our abstinence from sin or our repentance, and this is only what might be expected from a teacher whose own example is one not merely of pure and self-denying morality, but, as Mr. Mallock reminds us, of exceptional austerity. Whatever inferences might be plausibly drawn from some aspects of his doctrine, it is abundantly clear that there could be no more entire perversion of the general purport than the famous dictum of the great German Reformer, *Esto peccator et pecca fortiter, sed confide fortius*.

CRICKET.

IN the year 1853 the Australian colonies were asking their mother-country for something. What it was we are ashamed to say we do not precisely remember, but hope, if it was good for them, that they got it, and have no doubt that they did. Our recollection of the fact rests mainly on a picture in *Punch*, wherein one of John Leech's immortal dandies, being consulted by another on the subject, gives it as his opinion that the Colonies cannot possibly want more than they have already got, for didn't *West Australian* win the Derby? According to Sir Henry Parkes, those flourishing communities still, in this present year of grace, are in want of something to round off and complete their happiness, and for our own part we feel very much of the mind of John Leech's dandy. What more can they want? They have beaten the two strongest of our counties; they have beaten the Gentlemen of England; they have beaten the Professionals of England; the most conspicuous player in the University match, if not exactly the best, is an Australian importation. What more can they want?

It is true, like Dogberry, they have had losses. By the Marylebone Club, by Oxford University, and by the North of England, they have been badly beaten. They have been beaten, too, by the Gentlemen at Lord's, but their defeat was very far from inglorious. Some of their victories have been won only after hard fighting. Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire were each beaten by three wickets—a conclusion which was verified, as such things rarely are at this inexplicable game, by Nottinghamshire subsequently beating Yorkshire by the same proportion. A very second-rate eleven, playing under the style of Liverpool and District, they managed to defeat by only one wicket, and, had the Englishmen been provided with a better wicket-keeper, the defeat would certainly have been on the other side. On the other hand, they beat Cambridge very conclusively by an innings and 81 runs, though the University did by no means badly in their first innings, and in all probability only the weather prevented them from doing pretty much the same with Lancashire. Our Professionals, too, a strong eleven, though not quite the strongest, they have beaten by six wickets. This was the most unkindest

[July 5, 1884.]

out of all, for the match lost on Wednesday last at Sheffield was lost solely by the shameful fielding of our men; the two Australians who made the runs, Bonnor and Bannerman, when four of their best wickets had gone down for little over twenty, being each missed many times in all parts of the field. But undoubtedly their best performance hitherto was at the Oval last week, when they won the match against the Gentlemen by 46 runs. The Surrey ground has generally been a disastrous one to our players in these big matches. It took England five wickets to get the 57 runs necessary to win the match in 1880, though the Australians were 271 runs to the bad at the end of their first innings. In 1880 the Gentlemen were beaten in an innings and one run, the precise terms of their victory in 1878 at Prince's ground; and later in the same year England was beaten by seven runs. When fortune shows any inclination to turn at all, the Australians have certainly a wonderful knack of "playing up" at the end of the game both with bat and ball, and wonderfully they bowled and fielded last Saturday afternoon. Against such bowling as theirs, to go in against 183 runs on a wicket that has already stood two days' wear and tear in this weather, was certainly a hard task. Few probably of those who are accustomed to weigh the chances of the game were surprised at the result. Our men began well; the first wicket fell for 60 runs, and when the fourth went, only 84 were wanting. But Spofforth and Boyle never bowled better, and not a chance was thrown away in the field. It must be owned, too, that our last five batsmen were not men from whom runs habitually come, at least against such bowling. But the match was really lost by our own weakness in that department. Though there was nothing, with one exception, remarkable about our batting, none of those from whom much was expected failed to give at least something. Mr. Charles Studd, who seems to be passing through a phase of ill fortune, did indeed better than his recent performances against these adversaries foreshadowed, though his runs were certainly not got with his usual mastery. But Lord Harris, Mr. Lucas—playing for the first time this season in a big match—Mr. Walter Read, and Mr. Steel—who has never failed to score against the Australians this year—all made runs, and made them well, though they did not make quite enough. It is whispered that the Colonists profess not to rate Mr. Grace's prowess very highly. If the report be true, they must begin now to reconsider their opinion. In the seven innings he has played against them this year he has scored 314 runs, and twice has passed "the century." The innings of 107 he made last week was perhaps the best he ever played; certainly we never saw him, or any one else, play better; his second contribution of 30 was also very much to the purpose. As to our batting, then, there was not, on the whole, very much to complain of; 402 runs is no mean total, and should have served; our fielding, if not of unvarying goodness, was often very good indeed, and we gave only eight "extras," which forms a pleasant contrast to most score-sheets nowadays. But in our bowling we failed. That Blackham, Midwinter, and Boyle should between them have scored 229 runs shows how much we failed. Boyle is a good bowler and field, but he is not a batsman who should ever be allowed to make 32 runs. The other pair are useful cricketers certainly, though their style is not engaging; but 197 runs is very much more than they ought to be worth in a match of this class. It was not that our bowling was loose or crooked, but it was ineffectual. There were moments, indeed, when Mr. Christopherson bowled extremely well, and his whole performance, eleven wickets for 134 runs, with 56 maiden overs out of 94, is even better on paper than Spofforth's; and, considering the trying nature of the weather, and his youth, is remarkably good. Mr. Grace, too, every now and then seemed to puzzle the batsmen much, and Mr. Ridley's "lobs," though they got no wicket, were very little hit. But it was not bowling on which we can pride ourselves. We must say a word, however, for the wicket-keeping, which was excellent on both sides. To praise Blackham's is, indeed, to waste words, but Mr. Welman's must have surprised many; neither Mr. Lyttelton nor Mr. Tylecote could have done much better, if better at all.

Of the match between the Universities there is little to be said. The victory of Oxford has seemed for many weeks past as certain as anything can be at cricket, and for once in a way the moral certainty has proved a practical one. The Oxford Eleven, however, reported to be the best that has worn the dark blue for many seasons past, did no great things. Their champion, Mr. O'Brien, who, like his namesake in Thackeray's immortal ballad, has been "raging like a lion" among the bowlers hitherto, could make a run in neither innings, and perhaps the most exciting moment of the match was in the first over of Oxford's second innings, when Mr. Rock dismissed him and Mr. Brain, who had played very good cricket in his first venture, with two consecutive balls. Mr. Hine-Haycock played well in both innings, and he and Mr. Page showed good pluck at a trying time for young nerves. Mr. Key promises to be a fine batsman, and till he was unfortunately run out played in as good style as any one in either Eleven. Mr. Kemp, the Oxford captain, did not score largely, but he snapped up four men at the wicket, and showed good judgment in the management of his team. The Oxford fielding hardly maintained its fame, which was considerable, and the bowling, though straight enough, certainly did not look so formidable as many of its opponents seemed to find it. The Cambridge men played even below their reputed form, which was not high. In the first innings only Mr. Paravicini, who is a free hitter, could do anything against Mr. Whitby. In the second innings they began much better. As they had some-

thing less than half an hour's play on Monday evening, Mr. Rock, whose place has been hitherto low down in the Eleven, was sent in when the first wicket fell, and when he went out, shortly after lunch on Tuesday, the telegraph-board showed 160 runs for four wickets. Of these he had made 56. His style is not attractive; but he is the most placid and stubborn of players, and, after all, runs are runs, however they may come. Messrs. Wright, Bainbridge, and Studd had also played well, and the match at that point seemed likely to be interesting. But then a fearful period of collapse followed. "Like corn-sheaves in the flood time," down one after another went the wickets before the bowling of Messrs. Whitby and Bastard; and, when Mr. Topham was caught by Mr. Kemp off his first ball, it was seen that seven batsmen had only been able to make 17 runs between them! Oxford then went in to get 80 runs, and got them with the loss of three wickets. For precisely half a century the match has now been played yearly, and Cambridge has a balance of two victories to the good. Save on Tuesday morning, when Rock and Bainbridge were well set, and the prospects of a close finish rose; when Nicholls and Bastard, bowlers both, were hitting the ball about merrily on Monday evening; and when the great O'Brien was sent each innings "with shivered faces home," the spectators were curiously apathetic; and the "oldest cricketer," that veteran of inconvenient memory, is commonly reported to have pronounced it the most uninteresting of the fifty matches yet played. But these Australians have made us all such epicures now, such judges, too, of the game!

ALGERNON SYDNEY.

BEHEADED DECEMBER 7, 1683.

"WHAT a gentleman he is!" said Coleridge, as he gave his advice to "read Algernon Sydney!" If that advice were taken, we fancy that some readers would be surprised, not only into the same exclamation, but to find that Algernon Sydney might pass for a very moderate *doctrinaire* of the nineteenth century. Burnet says:—"He had studied the history of government in all its branches beyond any man I ever knew"—that is to say, beyond any man of his time. In consequence, he lived quite two hundred years too soon. He tells us in a letter from Rome of Cardinal Pallavicini that "he ever aims at perfection, and frames ideas in his fancy not always proportionable to worldly businesses, sometimes forgetting that the counsels, as well as the persons, of men are ever defective, and that in human affairs governors and ministers are not so much set to seek what is exactly good as what is least evil, or least evil of those things that he hath (*sic*) power to accomplish." But Sydney himself had his own ideas about government—modera views, too—for, following his own motto, "sanctus amor patriæ dat animum," he worked as he thought best for his country's honour, but never gave his approval to any power that ruled throughout his life. Since his death his name has been bandied about by party leaders, and his works scarcely read, till "the cause for which Sydney died" has become a proverb, and the hopes of his life utterly ignored. Held up to one party as a revolutionist and incendiary, revered by the other as a martyr, probably having little in common with either on any occasion on which he has been named, we fancy that few now read what he himself calls a "large treatise," though it was "never finished, nor like to be." The truth is, the constitutional struggle has passed away from the ground on which the battles of the seventeenth century were fought, but, if we are less personally interested, we can be more impartial than Englishmen used to be.

Algernon Sydney, as all know, was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Dorothy, his wife, one of the Northumberland Percys, and was born about 1621 or 1622. His father took him to Denmark when he was ten and to Paris when he was fourteen, besides giving him a good classical education, to which he refers his love of liberty and his high ideals of free government. He seems to have made a good impression in Paris, for some one told his mother that he had "a huge deal of wit and much sweetness of disposition," and this does not seem to have been merely to gain her favour. And Sydney's was never the mere knowledge of the scholar; and though, like all great men, his views were higher than he could make practical, he was a thorough man of the world, in the better sense of the term. At the age of nineteen he received a commission in his father's regiment, and "distinguished himself upon all occasions with great gallantry." Returning to England in 1643, he was taken prisoner on behalf of the Parliamentary party; but, perhaps influenced by the example of his kinsman Essex, certainly drawn to it by his own convictions, he "served for the Parliament under the Earl of Manchester," his commission being dated May 10, 1644. He fought at York and in other engagements, and commanded the Parliamentary garrison at Chichester. He rose (partly through the influence of his brother, Lord Lisle) to be Lieutenant-General of the Irish horse and Governor of Dublin. But he was an aristocrat and an idealist, and men were now coming to the front of very different temper than the Parliamentarians who had begun the struggle. Colonel Algernon Sydney, in spite of the conspicuous gallantry he had displayed, was politely "bowed out" from his command, with the thanks of the House (April 8, May 7, 1647). He was then made Governor of Dover, and nominated one of the judges who were to try the

King in 1648; so suspicions of his loyalty to the insurgent leaders or cause had been removed, if they had ever existed. Probably the keen common sense and the lofty ideals of Sydney did not harmonize either with the extravagance of the acts and words of more advanced "saints," Presbyterians or even Independents, or with the martial law which was perhaps the only method of restoring order to chaotic England. The cultivated Radical of our own day shrinks from the caricature of his principles by some of those with whom in theory he holds them, and we can with little difficulty picture to ourselves the disgust of Sydney with the fanatics who made a Commonwealth impossible. He did not even attend the King's trial. As a prose writer, Sydney may almost be placed by the side of Milton at times; his language is not so sonorous, but his style is clear and noble (terseness is a modern accomplishment), and, without descending to any personal vituperation of his adversary (such as the great poet used, like every one else of the period), he seems to reduce the plots and plans and factions of other men to a definite place in history at once. Such men cannot be very popular; their doctrines are caviare to the general, and it is not hard to see why Sydney did not take a leading part in English affairs during the Protectorate. His life during that time was passed in comparative retirement; in 1654 he was at the Hague, in 1658 he was in England. During the whole time he was safe, if dissatisfied with the turn that events had taken; but his opinions, far more than his actions, had made him a marked man. In 1659 he was appointed one of the Council of State "for the restoration of the Commonwealth"; but, as that was not to be, he seems to have been glad to make one of the three Plenipotentiaries who were sent to the Sound. This business occupied him for a year, during which time he watched events in England with some apprehension, but he writes (May 22, 1660) "While I am here I serve England . . . endeavour to advance its interests, and follow the orders of those that govern it." In June he says, "The news I hear from England is punctual and certain enough, but my friends are so short in what particularly relates to myself that I can make no judgment at all upon what they say." He seems to have expected to be employed by the King, as his "business had gone well," and would no doubt have served England with all diligence. He asks his father to get a place for Myssenden, who had shown him civility in Copenhagen, observing that "I had promised this employment for him under those that formerly governed, but he was too monarchical for me and for my brethren." Sydney appears to have been surprised when he finds from his father's letter that even Lord Leicester simply meets with "no marks of displeasure," can do nothing for him, and points out that a man who wrote gratuitously in the public "Album" of Copenhagen

*Manus hac inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,*

attaching his signature to point the moral, must either live in exile or quietly and not safely in retirement at home. Not having sat as a judge, legally Sydney had a right to the benefits of the Act of Indemnity, practically, there was no safety for him.

This letter changed his mind. He did not think of going home; but, finding himself "apt to fall into too deep a melancholy if he had neither business nor company to divert him," and looking on the Germans as barbarians in the way of "conversation and entertainments," he goes to Rome. He wrote a most interesting letter a little later, pointing out his own love to his country, "which, if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would be the most glorious in the world," expressing his hatred of exile, and not so much justifying his opinions as placing them on the basis of political liberty, "My thoughts as to king and State depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary." From Rome Sydney writes constantly to his father long accounts of Roman society, showing much observation of character and cleverness of description. He speaks of himself in a melancholy strain: though kindly received by many, his thoughts are bitter, for he would gladly return to England, but would never purchase pardon by "meanness." We may note that "five shillings a day serves" him "and two men very well for meat, drink, and firing." He went to Frascati, where he gave himself up to study, that anodyne which makes life endurable for great minds condemned to inaction. "I have not much to complain of, . . . less to desire, and least of all to be pleased with," he says, but finds "much satisfaction" in reading from sunrise till the evening. He hopes by his "half burial" to show that he has no designs against the Government, that he may be allowed to return to England (July 1661). Leaving Italy he passed through Switzerland into Flanders. At Brussels, while smarting under the disappointment of not being allowed to return even to live quietly at Penshurst, he has his portrait painted, which still remains at that place to show the world a noble, intellectual face, with the stamp of thought and suffering not overpowering that of manliness. Now perhaps his sentiments began to change. He became personal enemy of Charles, who sent (or allowed), according to Ludlow, ten persons to attempt to assassinate him in 1663. This, of course, may be believed or not as the reader pleases. Sydney and other refugees are said to have offered their services to the United Provinces against England, as governed by Charles II. We cannot enter into particulars of the state of Europe at that time; but it may be well to remember that Spain was losing ground, that France and Turkey were the Great Powers of Europe, threatening as far as possible

to absorb or overawe the rest; and that France was opposed by an alliance of the "Protestant" States. England, except for a short time under Cromwell, and again in the Dutch wars, did not act vigorously, but both European parties objected to her weight on the other side. The aim of Louis XIV., the history-maker of Europe at this time, was to increase the differences among the allies, who, moved by religious zeal, or jealousy, or fear, were arrayed against the growing foe. The history of Europe and of English politics to a great extent centres round the French King, who represented Roman Catholicism and arbitrary monarchy, while the allies, on the whole, were "Protestant" and slightly democratic.

We must briefly narrate the part which Sydney took after returning to England in 1667, on his father's and his own request, backed by the Ambassador Saville's representations. Saville himself was a man of some mental power, and is said to have observed that "there were but two subjects in nature worth a wise man's thoughts, religion and government." He stood for Bramber and Guildford in two successive years, but, for different reasons, neither his friends nor his enemies wished him to enter Parliament. It is sometimes forgotten when Sydney is called a firebrand and a Republican what sort of Government it was which he opposed. The dangers of "popery," which the country did believe in, were little in comparison with those of the most arbitrary monarchy, which it overlooked. A modern writer might think Sydney's Discourses too much tinged with the fashion of referring all to Scripture history, but he would very likely find that in little else could he criticize the sentiments. It might be well to quote passages from the book, but space forbids this. Let it be stated, therefore, that it contains arguments in favour of a mixed Government, of the doctrines of personal liberty, and of the non-exemption of any from law. This law is the will of the nation, of which the highest ruler, like the judges he appoints, is merely the voice. Sydney is however no advocate of democracy, and a very staunch upholder of law and order. As Coleridge quaintly says, "his style reminds you as little of books as of blackguards." It may be easily understood that a man with such sentiments found it hard to restrain himself in the state of affairs in England. He does not seem to have pleased any one. He was suspected of being a pensioner of France, because he advised against the war which was the one patriotic idea that Parliament could attain to. Nearly every one bribed or was bribed on one side—the King most of all by Louis, in those secret treaties by which, to put it shortly, Louis supported Charles in English politics, that Charles might support no one else in European struggles. Can we conceive a state of things in which a King of England contrived to double Parliamentary grants, when given, by bribing members of the Opposition, as every one very soon knew, while State interests were disposed of by intrigues of men and women equally infamous? It was a difficult position when, as Sydney says, a Minister who would not accept bribes had to resign, "because he made nothing of his place, and shamed them that did."

The time is one which it is humiliating to us to read of, and must have been beyond words difficult to live in. We scarcely know what Sydney really did. He was opposed to the Government. So were many honourable men in England. Failing to excite the country by any other means, we cannot help seeing now that they were not sorry to encourage the agitation against Popery; they certainly were not opposed to accepting the aid of Louis. He might be sincere, Charles was not. It does not seem to be clear whether Sydney accepted money from Barillon, we think that he did; but, it may be argued, with no unworthy motives. Lord Russell, who wished to have no commerce with people who could be gained by money, was an extraordinary exception to a general rule. The struggle was far from being one of vice against virtue. "We have few great men," says William Russell, and if in 1883 the principles on one side command themselves to us, the practice on both is, on the whole, nearly equally disgusting. Those who have studied this period will admit that this word is not too strong. Sydney was perfectly justified in opposing the Government, and the Court were perfectly justified in regarding the country party as men who must be put out of the way. The "Rye House plot" is a matter of history; there probably was plenty of discontent and sedition in the air, and as probably, perhaps, Russell and Sydney were too much occupied in maturing greater plans to care for such petty intrigues. However, it was sufficient, the excuse was found, or made, for ridding the King of powerful enemies. We do not blame Charles in the least. It is the logical result of arbitrary monarchy that it must cut down "the highest poppies" in time of danger.

"The year 1683," says Lord J. Russell in 1820, "was nearly fatal to the liberties of England." It was an eventful year for Europe, when the Turkish power received such a defeat at Vienna, Colbert died in France, and Russell and Sydney were executed in England. In our country the times were out of joint when such men could be forced into opposition to law and order, "as it appeared by custom establish'd." Sydney thoroughly approved of the Parliamentary opposition, and, like the others, was glad to see the Prince of Orange visit England in 1681.

But dark days were at hand. Shaftesbury fled to Holland, and died there; Louis did not encourage the hopes of the party. All was stormy in the prospects of the Opposition, whose leaders were implicated in a plot, which, supposing it to have existed on their part, would have been "worse than a crime—a blunder." Russell suffered in July 1683; Sydney was brought to trial in November,

after several months' imprisonment. Lord Howard, of whom Charles himself declared that he was such a rogue that he did not believe that any conspirators would trust him, was the chief witness in both cases. Sydney was arraigned for high treason, conspiracy, and rebellion, for sending Aaron Smith to the Scots to obtain their co-operation, for being at a treasonable meeting on June 30th, and for writing that "the King was subject unto the law of God as he is a King; to the people that makes him a King, inasmuch as he is King" . . . "and must be content to submit his interest to theirs." . . . "We may therefore change or take away Kings," &c. Sydney certainly held such views, and we cannot wonder that as times went, even if the law had to be a little strained, the Court held it necessary to do away with him.

The trial itself is fairly well known; Sydney defended himself with moderation and ability, and men of any political party will probably now agree in the summary given by Lord J. Russell. He was tried by a jury, many of whom were not freeholders. The first witnesses were Rumsey and West, each of whom professed to have heard what he knew from the other. Lord Howard was the only direct witness, and the evidence required by law was filled up with a MS. book written some years before relating to conspiracies against Nero and Caligula. But evidence matters not wherever it is a duel à outrance between King and country, even in England, and, as Parliament after the Revolution reversed the sentence, the most staunch upholder of the State may believe that it was what we commonly call a judicial murder. Some short notes on details of his trial may perhaps serve to confirm the favourable view of Sydney's principles. Barillon had before said:—"The Sieur Algernon Sydney is a man of great views and very high designs, which tend to the establishment of a republic." Sydney points out that the libel complained of is in answer to Sir R. Filmore's book, written to prove that the King is bound by no law, and that even Cromwell could not bear the doctrine, "Possession is the right to power," though he was a tyrant. "You need not wonder that I call him tyrant; I did so every day in his life, and acted against him too." He dictated his apology or defence to Ducas, in which he sums up his life, and shows how he was warned that, if taken, he should infallibly be condemned "before such judges and juries" as he "should be tried by." "I think I may say I did once save his [the King's] life, but I am sure I never endeavoured to take it away." The judge seemed to lay "very much weight on the old cause, with which I am so well satisfied as contentedly to dye for it." Sydney had long ago indignantly denied that he was an "atheist," and it was not out of mere compliance with fashion that he penned the fervent prayer with which he concluded.

He was executed on December 7, 1683. As he laid his head on the block the executioner, as was customary, asked "if he would rise again?" "Not till the resurrection of the just," said Sydney, giving the word to "Strike!" Politics are out of place here. It is sufficient to say that the closest study of his life, letters, and works only serves to confirm the opinion that he was what Charles II. himself called Algernon Sydney, "homme de cœur et d'esprit."

EXIT MR. BRADLAUGH.

THE State trial which concluded at the beginning of this week furnished another example of the great truth that English law, though its methods may sometimes give occasion for cavilling to the hasty, and material for the lower forms of merriment to the facetious, "makes" on the whole "for righteousness" in most senses of the word. Law is necessarily intricate, and has many subtleties and windings. Accordingly it often happens that people who wish to do something manifestly out of accordance with the broad and plain dictates of common sense imagine that by the exercise of ingenuity they may prove it to be lawful. They plunge into the ramifications of legal science hoping that the labyrinth will lead them to the opposite conclusion from that which they wish to avoid; and, after following out the various windings, they emerge just where they would have been if they had followed the straight path pointed out by good sense and commonplace expediency. And then they have to pay costs or penalties, as the case may be. This is what has befallen Mr. Bradlaugh in the present instance, and we propose to show, for the confusion of the wrongheaded and the edification of the well-disposed, the steps by which so satisfactory a result was arrived at.

The common sense of the matter—that is to say, the view which would be taken by a person with ordinary perceptions of the fitness of things, and no particular prejudices either way—was something like this. A person who marches up the floor of the House of Commons in defiance of the officers of the House, and gives a burlesque performance of swearing allegiance all by himself, does not take the oath properly; and an Atheist, to put it broadly, cannot take an oath at all, because no one can swear by what he does not believe in. That is what suggests itself to the ordinary mind, and the result of a very long trial, in which the whole matter in all its bearings was exhaustively probed, is to establish that that is a very accurate statement, in popular terms, of the law of England. The case for the Crown was naturally short. The Attorney-General stated the two propositions indicated above, showed that there was ample authority in law for each of them, and proved the facts of the case, which are more or less within every one's recollection, and which, with a characteristic exception to be noticed presently, were not in dispute. This lasted one

day, and then Mr. Bradlaugh began. The inexperienced imagined that a couple of days or thereabouts ought to suffice for him; but, like science, Mr. Bradlaugh "moved, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point," and, as in the case of another hero of poetic fiction, "the points that he made were"—in respect of number, at any rate—"quite frightful to see." What with this, and what with the innumerable *sotto voce* conversations between the occupants of the Bench which were necessary to produce the ultimate happy concurrence of their views, and what with the unfortunate attack of lumbago to which the Lord Chief Justice fell a victim between the arguments and the summing-up, the trial was eventually spread over considerably more than a fortnight. A few specimens of Mr. Bradlaugh's points will suffice. First he asserted that his administration of the oath to himself was not irregular. The prosecution had proved that when he came to the table the Speaker had risen from his chair and called "Order, order," and that by the practice of Parliament this action had put a stop to the enactment of any business whatever. But Mr. Bradlaugh suggested that while he was repeating the words of the oath the Speaker had momentarily replaced his august person in the chair, and that consequently the oath was taken while the Speaker was "in his chair" within the meaning of the Parliamentary Oaths Act and the regulations of the House. In support of this view he called his colleague in the representation of Northampton, who stated his recollection to be that, while Mr. Bradlaugh was going through his performance, the Speaker had sat down and made a memorandum for his own use—in despair, presumably, of preventing the disobedience to his implied order, upon which Mr. Bradlaugh was resolutely bent. The gratitude of the public is due to Mr. Labouchere for a charmingly vivid and picturesque account of the manners and customs of the House of Commons. He was questioned about the elegant diversion provided by Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the occasion of Mr. Tom Collins taking the oath and his seat for Knaresborough. "The whole thing was so short," said Mr. Labouchere, with a pathetic cadence in his voice, "the Speaker said 'Order, order,' and Sir Wilfrid Lawson spoke, and the other members shouted, and Mr. Collins swore." The jury eventually made short work of Mr. Bradlaugh's contention on this head; finding that the Speaker did not resume his seat for the purpose of allowing Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath, which indeed was obvious enough. As to his capacity to swear Mr. Bradlaugh's contentions were innumerable, but they were all alike in character. Here are two of them taken at random. The House of Commons once, by 317 votes to 18, refused to say that Mr. Bradlaugh was disqualified from swearing, and therefore they said he was qualified. If this was an accurate account of what happened, the inference would of course be a false one. But what did happen was this. Mr. Labouchere moved for a new writ for Northampton on the ground that Mr. Bradlaugh was unlawfully prevented from sitting. To this an amendment was proposed setting forth that Mr. Bradlaugh was incompetent to swear because he had no religious belief. This amendment was negatived without a division, and then Mr. Labouchere's motion was amended by leaving out the assertion that Mr. Bradlaugh was unlawfully prevented from taking his seat, and the motion so amended was rejected by 317 to 18, the majority of 299 being really against Mr. Bradlaugh and not for him. Again, Mr. Bradlaugh argued that every natural-born subject who is not allowed by law to make an affirmation is legally presumed to be capable of swearing allegiance, because various statutes, passed in the reign of the Plantagenets, said that every one must swear allegiance when lawfully required. The answer to this of course is that the question of capacity to take an oath did not arise under these statutes, because there were at that time no atheists, or if there were they were disposed of by methods which Mr. Bradlaugh would probably not wish to see revived, and that the object of the statutes was simply to secure fidelity to the king. Such were the arguments by which Mr. Bradlaugh sought to prove that a belief in God was not necessary to an oath, and that he could swear as well as other people. To say nothing of the express authorities to the contrary, it may be asked if oaths have no element of religion in them, what is the use of providing affirmations for any purpose whatever, and how can Quakers, or any one else, object to taking oaths on religious grounds? But the most instructive and delightful thing in Mr. Bradlaugh's address was his argument that, even granting that atheists cannot swear, he was not proved to be an atheist. The spectacle of the chosen champion of aggressive atheism insisting that, for anything the jury knew, he might attach just the same importance to an oath that other people do, must have been in the highest degree inspiring to his followers, and was eminently calculated to establish permanently his position as a martyr in the first cause of No-God. Unhappily the proposition was one which could not be maintained in fact. The following questions put to Mr. Bradlaugh by the Select Committee of the House of Commons, and the answers which he voluntarily made to them, place that matter beyond all doubt. We reproduce them here because they show, in a manner equally clear and edifying, what Mr. Bradlaugh's opinions are and to what straits of evasion (to say no more), and final silence, a man is reduced when he tries at the same time to wear the crown of martyrdom and to escape from its disagreeable consequences:—

107. Do you attach any express or particular meaning to the words "I swear"?—The meaning that I attach to them is that they are a pledge upon my conscience to the truth of the declaration which I am making.

108. But a pledge given, may I ask to whom?—A pledge given to the properly-constituted authorities, whoever they may be, who are entitled to receive it from me.

109. Do you attribute any more meaning to these words than a pledge to human beings around you?—I attach no more meaning to these words than I do to a pledge to human beings authorized by law, to take such a pledge from me, under similar solemn circumstances.

110. But the solemn circumstances are, I suppose, the mere mundane circumstances?—The statutory circumstances—I meant "solemn" simply in the sense of being the statutory circumstances. I meant to distinguish between that and mere conversation.

111. Do you attribute any greater weight or any meaning to the words "I swear," and to the fact of kissing the book, beyond the words of ordinary promise?—Not beyond the words of ordinary promise made under statutory obligation.

112. Do you consider that if you use the words "I swear" you appeal to a God?—I consider that I take an oath which is binding upon my honour and conscience.

113. Without any reference to God?—I consider that I take an oath which is binding on my honour and conscience.

114. If you are permitted to take the oath, do you intend the Committee to understand and believe that it will be binding upon your conscience as an oath?—Yes.

115. In taking such oath, do you consider yourself as appealing to some Supreme Being as a witness that you are speaking the truth?—I submit that, having said that I regard the oath as binding upon my conscience, this Committee has neither the right nor the duty to further interrogate my conscience.—*Report of the Select Committee*, June 1880, p. 20.

It is clear that the answer to Question 115 can only have been given by wilfully constraining the qualification "As an oath" in a sense contrary to that intended by the questioner. The suggestion that these answers were consistent with a belief in religion was bad enough, but Mr. Bradlaugh had to descend to a worse depth still. He actually asserted that, proving him to have been an atheist in 1880 was no evidence of his being one in 1884. To this the answer was very simple. He was a competent witness in the case, and if he had changed his mind, he could have proved it in a moment. He did not do so because he had not changed his mind. On this part of the case Mr. Justice Grove, differing from his colleagues, told the jury that they ought not to let the fact of the defendant's silence weigh with them in their decision, or increase the value of the positive evidence given by the Crown. He might as well have said that they were not to take the law of gravitation into account. Human beings must, in a general way, be pronounced to be sane. The fact that the one man to whose interest it is to prove a fact about himself could prove it if it were true, and refuses to try, is as relevant to its truth as anything can be. As a matter of common sense, this is obvious. As a matter of law, it has been affirmed and acted upon over and over again by every judge that ever sat on the bench, with the exception, as it now appears, of Mr. Justice Grove. There was one gleam of hope for Mr. Bradlaugh when the jury, after nearly three hours' deliberation, found that "the physical position of the Speaker" was a sedentary one; but this they hastened to qualify as described above, and upon every other issue left to them they found without reserve for the Crown.

The general results of this trial are two. In the first place, it establishes that Mr. Bradlaugh cannot lawfully take his seat in the House of Commons. He cannot make an affirmation, because there is no law empowering him to do so. He cannot take an oath, because he has put in the power of his adversaries to prove that he is a person who does not believe in the existence of God, and upon whose conscience, therefore, an oath, in the natural straightforward meaning of the word, has no binding effect. Even if he were to take the oath in the regular way in some future House of Commons, it would, we apprehend, be the duty of the Government of the day to sue him for penalties the first time he sat or voted. If he entertains any confident anticipation of procuring a general Affirmation Act for his personal benefit, he is very sanguine. Except as it affects the decency of Parliamentary proceedings, this result is certainly not very important; for it is not, general principles apart, a matter of moment to anybody whether Mr. Charles Bradlaugh is in Parliament or out of it. But there is another result which is important, in so far as it is always well that the public should be acquainted with the characters of notorious persons. No one can have followed the course of the recent proceedings without perceiving how much and how little of the genuine spirit of the enthusiast in a cause there is about Mr. Bradlaugh. We have seen to what lengths of conformity the professional nonconformist can go in pursuit of the objects of his ambition, and it does not seem extravagant to hope that some at least of Mr. Bradlaugh's followers will have their eyes opened to his true character. He cannot quite say he believes in God, because it is his whole political mission to say he does not. But he is not too proud to do his best to make, first the House of Commons, and then a special jury, think that perhaps he does, when he hopes to get a seat in Parliament by it. We are tempted, in conclusion, to paraphrase the concluding sentence of M. Sardou's celebrated comedy:—"Ce n'est ni Vive Bradlaugh! ni A bas Bradlaugh! mais Boujour, M. Bradlaugh!"

CHOLERA AND CHOLERA SCARES.

AFTER an interval of fourteen years cholera has reappeared in Europe. The whisper, half-smothered at Toulon a week ago, is now the shriek of a whole continent, and every question settled by the Conference of 1874 is opened up afresh to-day. This Conference met to decide the "Origin and Mode of Transmission" of

a disease which swept off a million persons in Europe between 1866 and 1872; but the scientific value of its decisions and the hygienic value of its recommendations are at present unknown quantities. Its first decision was arrived at in defiance of all opposing facts, and represents a theory which receives no support from the phenomena to which it relates, for it declares that "Asiatic cholera susceptible of spreading (epidemically) is spontaneously developed in India, and when it breaks out in other countries, it has always been introduced from abroad, and that it is not endemic in any other country but India." No one has ever discovered how cholera was introduced into Europe in 1830, nor how it reached America in 1832, and the reason of its appearance in China in 1862 is still a mystery. Every effort to prove importation into Egypt in 1883 has failed, the evidence in some instances being valueless and in others even ridiculous. Yet it was of necessity imported into one and all of these countries, because the Conference of 1874 unanimously said it could originate in none of them. Now it has appeared at Toulon and spread to Marseilles. Imported or endemic? is once more the question in every anxious mind; and again the echo comes, "Imported, because the Conference said it always must be." But no sooner has the effort to prove the importation failed than the reassuring voice of M. Fauvel is heard in Paris, declaring the disease is of sporadic type, a form of choleric, choleraform, or cholera nostras—of anything, in fact, but Asiatic cholera itself. Just as M. Fauvel, being in Paris in 1883, pronounced endemic cholera in Egypt an impossibility, while others, being in Egypt, declared they had witnessed and attended many cases; so, being still in Paris in 1884, he pronounces the unimported outbreak at Toulon non-Asiatic, while those in attendance upon the sick declare the opposite. M. Fauvel has his host of followers in and outside the profession to which he belongs, and he has at his back the decision of the Conference; but he has against him a large majority of those whose lives have been devoted to the study of the disease, and he has against him what seems to be the evidence of common sense. As long as so-called Asiatic cholera is held to be a disease of Asiatic importation only, so long will its appearance in any other country remain an awful mystery. A mystery suggests a something fearsome, and a mysterious enemy is one of which the bravest may be afraid; and this, perhaps, is why a part of Europe now cries out in fear, and then lies down in hiding behind a hedge of quarantines and cordons. It is the old, old cry, "The cholera is near and we must not let it in; on with the quarantines and out with the cordons, and never mind the rest." Then comes the interval, with its conviction of security, its sensation of repose, and then the cry becomes a scream as cholera appears in the dirtiest, most neglected seaport it can find.

The last fourteen years have taught as little as the years preceding them; and the Continent wages war against the cholera with sticks and staves and holy incantation as of yore. The ostrich has again caught sight of his enemy, just in time to hide his head in the nearest sand. All this is very sad and very terrible, and at the same time it is very wonderful. If we ask ourselves why cholera is such a mysterious disease, the only answer we can find is that a certain section of the medical profession has decided it to be so, and the majority of the public has accepted the decision. Gross unsanitary conditions of country and people, impure water supply, and peculiar atmospheric conditions, produce a disease the exact equivalent of Asiatic cholera in all respects but one; and the one it lacks is mystery. Its symptoms may be the same, its destructive power equal, but its origin is simpler, its mode of progress plain, its whole too free from mystery, to make it Asiatic. The greater part of Europe is probably at this moment dominated by a phantom foe and preparing to fight against it, while a real enemy is in her midst. The phantom is the imported Asiatic cholera; the reality the filth of the towns and the folly of the people. England may escape as she has escaped before, and congratulate herself while she sympathizes with others; or she may suffer with the rest. The atmospheric conditions of the past six weeks have put her sanitary arrangements to a strong test, and a continuance of these conditions may show where she is weak. Cholera may then make itself known here; but if it does, we will venture to prophesy it will not be brought to us, but will arise amongst us of its own accord and by reason of our neglect. One fact seems a well-established one in connexion with this disease—it will not arise *de novo* in a clean place; and the accidental introduction of a cholera patient in a clean town which has perfect sanitary appliances, and is occupied by a rational population, need occasion no alarm. Now that every plumber and glazier has converted himself into a sanitary engineer, and even pleasure-seekers forsake the theatres for sanitary exhibitions, there ought to be some result in the way of sanitation which should mean security. It was the shocking condition of Damietta which occasioned the epidemic outbreak of cholera in Egypt, and Toulon is the Damietta of France. We may expect to discover within a short time the Damietta of Spain; for there is no country in Europe where sanitary precautions are so completely sacrificed to a middle-age superstition, no country more intent upon making an effort to fight a phantom. There is at Calcutta a temple devoted to the Goddess of Cholera, and it contains a curious idol. This consists of a carcass, with a vulture preying upon it, and the bird supports the goddess, Oola Behree, who sits with her hands folded. On the right is Munsha, the Goddess of Serpents, and near her Shira, the destroying principle; on the left is Sheetola, the Goddess of Small-pox, and

Shushee, the Goddess of Children. A memorial in every way more suited to the present day is suggested by the attitude of Spain. It should represent a filthy town, with a cordon round it, and Oola Behee rising in the midst of an idle people.

THE WEALTH OF FRANCE.

M. PAUL LEROY-BEAULIEU has just contributed to the *Economiste Français* three articles, in which he makes a new estimate of the wealth of France. As there is no Income-tax in France, the task is more difficult than in other highly-civilized countries, and the author hints that after all the result arrived at is of less worth than it is generally assumed to be. In the first place, as he points out, our estimate of the wealth of a country varies from time to time with the rate at which property is capitalized. For example, Mr. Trevelyan, in introducing the Land Purchase Bill the other day, showed in a very striking way how great has been the fall in the value of Irish land during the past few years. This, no doubt, is an exceptional case; but to a smaller extent there has been a considerable depreciation of land all over Western Europe. In England itself and also in France the selling price of land at present is much lower than it was ten years ago. But the wealth of a country in the sense in which it is here understood means the capital that would be realized supposing the whole property of the country could be turned into cash. On the other hand, the general tendency in modern times has been to raise the capital value of property generally. The growth of wealth and population while peace is maintained has a tendency to raise the prices of investments, or, in other words, to lower the rate of interest paid for the use of capital. If, therefore, peace is maintained in Europe for another generation or two, with only such brief interruptions as have occurred in our own time, it is almost certain that the capital value of property will increase very considerably. But an increase in capital value of this kind is of less real importance than at first sight it seems. Except where a country is actually deteriorating in material condition, its people live upon income, not upon capital. The real measure of the wealth of a country is its income. But the income may increase or decrease at a different rate from the increase or decrease in the capital value of the property, or even, for awhile, may remain stationary. There is much truth in these observations; but they are not the whole truth. An inquiry into the wealth of a country has two important uses. If it is carried over a sufficient number of years, it shows the way the country is progressing in wealth and at what rate, at least approximately. And, furthermore, an estimate of its wealth gives us a measure of the capacity of the country both in peace and in war. But, that our estimate may be useful for both of these purposes, we should have some idea of how much in the increase or decrease of wealth is due to changes in the rate at which we capitalize, and how much also is due to a more efficient system on the part of the Government in collecting the information on which we base our estimate.

As there is no Income-tax in France, M. Leroy-Beaulieu bases his estimate in the first place upon the Succession-duty returns, which go back to the year 1826 and come down to the year 1882. The returns therefore cover fifty-six years, and thus afford a valuable means of forming the kind of estimate which M. Leroy-Beaulieu undertakes. Like all other returns of the kind, they are faulty in this respect, that the taxpayers of course to some extent defraud the revenue. But as, on the other hand, the Government makes no deduction on account of debts, M. Leroy-Beaulieu assumes that the diminution due to the first cause is counterbalanced by the increase due to the second, and that therefore the duties may be accepted as fairly accurate. Another objection is that mortality varies from year to year, and that in one year there may be more deaths of rich people than in another. This objection might be met by taking the mean of a series of years, and if the years were numerous enough to include years of inflation and years of depression, we should also to some extent get rid of the objection due to the difference in prices referred to above. As M. Leroy-Beaulieu does not attempt to measure the growth of the wealth of France during the fifty-six years covered by the returns, he contents himself with taking the year 1882 as the basis of his calculations, and he does so the more readily because he is of opinion that the year is a fairly average one between the period when prices were inflated by a speculative mania and the present period, when they are unduly depressed by various unfavourable economic influences. It may be well to state, however, before going further, that in the year 1826 the total value of the properties subject to Succession-duty in France amounted to little more than 53½ millions sterling; while in 1882 they slightly exceeded 201 millions sterling. There was thus in the fifty-six years an increase of 147½ millions sterling, or 275 per cent.; in other words, the properties subject to Succession-duties in France have nearly quadrupled in value in little more than half a century. From this it might hastily be inferred that since 1826 the wealth of France has about doubled in each generation; but the real increase has been very much less—firstly, because many kinds of property were exempt from the duties at the beginning of the period which have been subjected to it since, more especially since the Franco-German War; secondly, because the method of collecting the duties has been greatly improved during the half-century; and, thirdly, because prices, more especially of land and Stock Ex-

change securities, have risen greatly since the reign of Charles X. Nevertheless, when full allowance is made on all these accounts, it is evident that the growth of wealth in France during the half-century has been enormous. It has been very great ever since the fall of the Empire. In 1869, the last complete year of the Empire, the total value of the properties subject to the duties was barely 145½ millions sterling; in 1882 it exceeded, as we said above, 201 millions sterling. In the thirteen years, therefore, there was an increase of 55½ millions sterling, which would represent more than 2,000 millions sterling added to the wealth of France, being at the rate of about 108 millions sterling per annum. But to return to M. Leroy-Beaulieu's estimate. Assuming that the property subject to Succession-duty in 1882 represents the mean value of the property that passes from one generation to another annually at the present time, he multiplies that value by the average life of a generation to get at the total property that passes from predecessor to successor in the course of a generation, or, in other words, the total wealth of France; and he finds that it amounts to 8,745 millions sterling. He then checks this result by comparing it with the conclusions arrived at in the inquiry lately made by the Finance Ministry into the value of the land and houses of France; and he furthermore offers an estimate of the capital employed in agriculture and trade; while the various Stock Exchange lists inform him as to the amount of the capital invested in securities of all kinds. He arrives thus at the conclusion that the first estimate is greatly exaggerated, and that the total wealth of France at present amounts to no more at the outside than 188 milliards of francs, or 7,520 millions sterling. Even this figure he is inclined to think too high, his own opinion being that the real wealth is about 180 milliards of francs, or 7,200 millions sterling. In this sum is included the national debt of France, amounting to about 800 millions sterling; so that, if M. Leroy-Beaulieu is right, the actual wealth of France does not exceed 6,400 millions sterling. For we need hardly point out that the national debt, while it is wealth to the individual holders of Rentes, is not wealth to the community generally, but a mortgage upon the property of the country. It is, in fact, a liability and not an asset.

In this estimate M. Leroy-Beaulieu differs materially from other economists, and more particularly from M. de Foville, whose inquiry into this subject we noticed in these columns some years ago, and whose competence is at least as great as M. Leroy-Beaulieu's; indeed, we are inclined to accept M. de Foville's estimate rather than M. Leroy-Beaulieu's. It would not be difficult to show that in many respects M. Leroy-Beaulieu is wrong in his mode of calculation, and that he materially underestimates the value of some classes of property. For example, the Finance Ministry, in the inquiry into the value of the landed property of France under the Act of 1879, comes to the conclusion that the capital value of that property is about 91½ milliards of francs, or 3,660 millions sterling; but M. Leroy-Beaulieu would reduce the figure to from 70 to 80 milliards; that is, to from 2,800 to 3,200 millions sterling. His mistake originates in a confusion respecting the meaning of the word value. The value of a thing clearly is what it will fetch; in other words, the value is what people are willing to give for it. But M. Leroy-Beaulieu seems to understand by the word the price that would be received by a seller. It is, however, entirely indifferent how the price may be distributed. To diminish the value because of expenses incidental to selling is no more reasonable than to diminish it because the seller has only a life use or a partial interest in the land. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in fact, is a pessimist. He is inclined to regard the present agricultural and commercial depression as likely to last, and he assumes, therefore, that the value of property in France will in the future be much lower than it has been in the past; that, therefore, preceding estimates having been based upon temporarily inflated prices are unduly high, and that the real riches of France are much less than they have been supposed to be. In these conclusions we cannot quite agree with him. The long series of bad harvests, if not already terminated, must come to an end sooner or later, and even the *phylloxera* itself will probably be checked in its ravages; while it is reasonable to suppose that the severity of American and other competition will diminish, or, at any rate, that the ingenuity of European farmers will enable them to find other means of turning their lands to the best account. But, however this may be, it is remarkable that, as shown above, in spite of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, in spite of the ravages of the *phylloxera*, in spite of long-continued bad harvests, and in spite, too, of the Paris panic and the depression of trade that has followed it, the savings of France have averaged since the last year of the Empire about 108 millions sterling. The real savings must have been very much higher, since the territory and population of France, in consequence of the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, are much smaller now than they were then; and, therefore, properly to compare 1869 with 1882, we ought in the former year to deduct the wealth of Alsace-Lorraine. It is evident that, if French statesmen were capable of organizing efficiently the entire fighting capacity of France, she would still be one of the most formidable nations upon earth; while her productive capacity is enormous, in consequence of the immense capital she is shown to possess.

THE LEIGH COURT AND OTHER GALLERIES.

THE interest excited by the display at Messrs. Christie's last week of the Leigh Court gallery threw all other exhibitions into the shade. The fine names in the catalogue rather, to tell the truth, detracted from the interest of the pictures. The great Rubens, "The Conversion of St. Paul," for example, was magnificent and wonderful, but not the kind of picture anybody would care to look at twice. The "Woman taken in Adultery," notwithstanding that it was supposed to contain portraits of Rubens himself, of Vandyke, his pupil, and also of Luther and Calvin, failed to satisfy the critics. There was, they thought, some Rubens in the picture, and a great deal of the school of Rubens. The great "Holy Family and St. Francis" of the same artist was better liked. It was a curious comment on the state both of public opinion and of public finance that all these pictures are understood to have been bought in at prices below what they cost many years ago. The "Holy Family" was bid up to 5,000 guineas, the "St. Paul" to 3,300, and the third picture to 1,785*l.* The Altieri Claudes fared little better, though it is believed that they changed hands. They were, in truth, lovely works, and, though both showed marks of "restoration," they cannot be considered dear at the prices they fetched. "The Sacrifice to Apollo" came first. The landscape background was the most beautiful part of the picture, which some of us may remember in a winter exhibition thirteen years ago at the Royal Academy. On the spectator's left is a white marble temple, and across the foreground a procession is being formed, and cattle are feeding, unmindful of the fate of two young bulls adorned for the altar. "The Landing of Aeneas" was even more beautiful, but had more look of "restoration" than its companion. A mighty river rolls through the background to the distant sea, into which it seems rather to fade than to flow. The two ships of Aeneas are in the foreground near the shore, and from a tall castle on the left some soldiers have come down to receive the hero. In the immediate front a shepherd and his flock repose under the shade of a clump of lofty trees. It is said that these two Claudes cost the Miles family 12,000 guineas many years ago. The first now fetched 6,090*l.*, and the second 3,990*l.* There were two other beautiful landscapes by the same painter in the sale. Some interest was displayed as to a little Raphael, part of the celebrated *predella* of which Lady Burdett Coutts has one member and the Dulwich Gallery another. It represents "Christ bearing His Cross," and was sold for 58*l.* Another so-called Raphael, a "Holy Family," which claimed to represent the lost Loretto picture, was knocked down at the high price for such a poor work of 630*l.*, but was supposed to have been bought in. A "Venus and Adonis," attributed, and perhaps justly, to Titian, was also bought in. The repainting almost everywhere, and the absence through fading of more than a reminiscence of Titian's colouring, conspired to deprive it of a greater auction value than 1,680 guineas. A great "Vision of St. John," by a master once highly esteemed, Domenichino, and said to have been one of the costliest canvases in the collection, was knocked down at the nominal price of 735*l.* A Matteo Corezio was much admired. It represents the "Virgin in Adoration," and, in spite of a certain affectation, is undoubtedly a finely-coloured work, and by a Spanish artist seldom met with. It went for 682*l.* 10*s.*, and was also said to have been reserved.

Such were the principal items in this celebrated sale; and it will be seen from the prices that a good picture is now valued more than a good name and a good pedigree—a healthy sign of improving public taste. We have still to notice the five paintings obtained for the National Gallery, and to congratulate Sir Frederic Burton on their acquisition. The most important is a small "Holy Family," attributed in the Catalogue to Bellini. It resembles in many particulars the "Adoration of the Shepherds," called a Giorgione in Mr. Beaumont's collection. It has also some resemblance to two pictures in the Uffizi at Florence, the "Legend of Moses" and the "Judgment of Solomon," both of which are also attributed by good critics to the same artist. Still more does it resemble in the heads, especially those of the Madonna and the Child, the celebrated altar-piece of Castel Franco, which still remains in the church of Giorgione's birthplace, and cannot be doubted. The study of a knight in armour, bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Rogers, is the sketch for a figure of St. George which stands to the right of the Virgin. It is remarkable that, in colour, treatment, and especially in the portraiture of certain models, this acknowledged picture should seem connected with the Beaumont "Adoration," the two Florentine pictures, and this charming little "Bellini" from Leigh Court, which has been acquired for 383*l.* 5*s.* Sir F. Burton also bought a fine Gaspar Poussin, described in the Catalogue as the "Calling of Abraham," but evidently an illustration of 1 Kings xix. 11-13—the Vision of Elijah on Horeb. It is a fine study of a storm, the figures, though appropriate, being merely accessory. The two Hogarths in the collection, "Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton," and "The Shrimp Girl," both of which were at Burlington House in 1875, were also bought for the National Gallery, and are an excellent and worthy addition to the pictures we already possess of an artist whose posthumous reputation is still increasing. The fifth picture bought for the National Gallery is Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims," the original work painted for a private commission from an engraver, and superior to the two copies he subsequently made for Samuel Rogers and another collector. For these five very desirable, in-

teresting, and beautiful works we have only had to pay 3,943*l.* 16*s.* They will all be on view very shortly in Trafalgar Square.

The exhibition at the Crystal Palace somehow fell very flat at its commencement. The managers made the very frequently repeated mistake of opening before everything was ready. The critics, of course, put off their articles. The Academy, Grosvenor, and other great exhibitions supervened, and a very interesting and representative gathering has remained unnoticed in our columns, as well as in those of a good many of our contemporaries. The Fine Art Section alone comes before us now, and we can only regret that it has been so long neglected. There are numerous good pictures of the English, French, Flemish, Dutch, German, Swedish, and Danish, and one or two of the Italian schools; and, though many of them have been exhibited before, a laudable effort has been made to gather a thoroughly representative collection. The light is good on Sydenham Hill, and it forms a pleasant variety to the monotonous round of the London season to go to the Crystal Palace for pictures. The English section comprises Sir F. Leighton's beautiful study by the seashore, "Psalms," which was in a recent Academy. Mr. Millais sends his fine portrait of Mrs. Jopling, which worthily occupies a screen to itself. There are pictures by Mr. Storey, Mr. Knight, Mr. Prinsep, Mr. Herkomer, and other Academicians, and by Mr. Tristram Ellis, Mr. Keeley Halswell, Mr. Hayllar, Mr. Maurice Pollock, Mr. Woodville, and Miss Clara Montalba among the best known outsiders. The pictures collected by the proprietors of the *Graphic* are in a gallery together, and comprise "types of beauty" by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Storey, Mr. Leslie, M. Levy, M. Cot, and others, and some fine pictures, the interest of which has been partly discounted by cheap coloured engravings. Mrs. Butler's "Artillery in Action" is well worthy of her great fame, and some of the battle-pieces of Mr. Woodville and M. de Neuville will be admired. Among the German pictures are some of the best in the exhibition. We may mention specially some Egyptian sketches by Herr Bendemann, Herr Heffner's "Lowlands," and Herr Schachinger's lovely head, "The Bride." Many of the best French artists are represented. M. Girardot's "Flight into Egypt" shows us what Mr. Goodall aimed at and missed in his enormous canvas in this year's Royal Academy. M. Theobald Chartran sends a powerful but disgusting bull-fight scene. We may also mention in this section pictures by MM. Landelle, Bastien Lepage, Laurent, Navlet, Stevens, and Mme. Louise Mercier, which deserve a longer notice than we can give them here. The Danish and Swedish landscapes are of remarkable excellence, especially those by Mr. Normann. Of the Italian work there is little to be said, but one painter showing anything worthy of the ancient reputation of his country—namely, Signor Pietro Pagetta.

Mr. Du Maurier's drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery form an attractive exhibition. Almost all are, of course, familiar in the pages of *Punch*; but, as the drawings are larger, and as something is lost in the reduction and cutting, it is extremely interesting to see the originals.

ITALIAN OPERA.

ITALIAN opera, if it die at all, will probably die harder than many people suppose. Audiences still assemble at Covent Garden when there is anything specially attractive to be heard. That the attendance has frequently been poor is no contradiction to the statement, because specially attractive performances have been rare. Mme. Patti draws crowded houses almost invariably, though when she played Aida there were a good many vacant seats; but a rumour had been abroad that she would not sing. Except when Mme. Patti has been singing, the only operas which have filled the theatre was *Le Nozze di Figaro*, engaging as it has done the services of three *prime donne*, Mmes. Lucca, Albani, and Sembrich. The ladies apart, a more moderate company has never assembled at the Royal Italian Opera. There is an admirable artist among the bassi, Signor de Reszke, who has every qualification for high success—a fine voice, an excellent method, and dramatic sensibility both in serious and comic characters. We do not like to pass Signor Cotogni without a good word; but where are the tenors? One reason why the *Nozze* has succeeded is probably because no tenor is prominent. Signor Marconi would be an acceptable substitute on off-nights, especially if he would learn to sing the Italian language. Of what country he is a native we do not know; he certainly pronounces very badly. Signor Mierzwinski's resonant top notes only carry him part of the way towards success, and in discussing tenors Signor Nicolini need not be named. In no other capital of Europe would Signor Nicolini be tolerated for a single night; the Americans decline to hear him; but in London he is still permitted to fill a place which will be better supplied when he has made it empty. It is absurd to say that Italian opera has ceased to please when it is presented in a way which cannot be pleasant.

Fortunately for the Italian Opera Company and for audiences, Mme. Patti has lost nothing of her vocal charm. Some slight appearance of effort may be detected when she sings a *forte* passage, but she is too accomplished an artist to let this fact become often apparent. In other respects voice and vocalization are as wonderful as ever. She has seemed on some occasions to act with more force than formerly, though still a curious want either of care or of artistic perception is to be traced in her assumptions. Thus in *Dinorah*, the distraught girl suddenly checks a question

Corentino is putting to her with the remark that her happiness flies off like a forest bird when it hears the lightest noise:—

Ma taci, la mia gioia, a sparir presta,
E' come l'angellin della foresta
Il più lieve rumor la fa fuggire.

Here surely a touch of mournful wonder should be given. The idea is tender and pathetic; but Mme. Patti carols out the bars with no more feeling than the bird itself might display. The charming *berceuse* "Si, carina," is, again, it always strikes us, richer in sentiment than it is made by Mme. Patti; but the "Shadow Song," to call the number by its popular name, is a triumph of art. The scale singing is perfect; and in the series of shakes, with ascents to the high notes at difficult intervals, the intonation is marvelously true. One naturally shrinks from the use of superlatives, but certainly nothing of the kind could possibly be better than this. The kind is not the highest, it may be admitted. To touch the emotions of an audience by such music—to take another example from Meyerbeer—as the duet between Valentine and Raoul in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots* is nobler work; nevertheless, in these days, when operatic singing is so frequently an exercise somewhere between declamation and simple shouting, a tribute of praise must by no means be withheld from the vocalist. In no work does Mme. Patti appear to greater advantage than in the *Barbiere*, which has been given twice this season, the second time in place of *Don Giovanni*, postponed by reason of Signor Cogogni's indisposition. The illness of the Italian baritone—the distinction of nationality is by no means superfluous, for a great majority of the singers at the Royal Italian Opera are not Italians—nearly led to the postponement of the *Barbiere* when it was first announced; but a substitute was forthcoming in a French tenor, M. Soulacroix, who, like not a few modern operatic tenors, sings baritone music best. The Rossinian rouades must tax any artist; in the circumstances M. Soulacroix was really more than creditable as Figaro. It will be a pity to see him go back to what he conceives to be his legitimate sphere. The blot on the representation of Rossini's delightful work, which is as fresh now as it was when first heard the year after the Battle of Waterloo, was the Almaviva of Signor Nicolini. The struggles of the French ex-tenor to produce the notes of his part make a very painful example of misapplied energy. The result is distressing, and the infamous singing is in no way redeemed by the acting. Signor Nicolini forgets, if he ever understood, that Almaviva is a gentleman. The reddened nose of the disguised soldier, who invades Doctor Bartolo's house, the absurd hoppings and contortions of the fictitious singing-master, Don Alonzo, are equally wide of the mark. Signor Nicolini's Almaviva is a vulgar, obtrusive, and incompetent performance from beginning to end, and that it is so estimated by the audience the profound silence with which his efforts are received sufficiently proves. Operas are generally under-acted; *Il Barbiere* is an exception. Over-acting is here the fault.

Guarda Don Bartolo!
Sembra una statua!

Thus those present sing, it is true, when the officer of the guard has saluted Almaviva instead of arresting him; but the Doctor is scarcely supposed to stand with a pinch of snuff raised to his nose, while the rest stick quill pens into his wig. Laughter is so rare at the Italian opera that the players are sorely tempted to extravagance, however. Signor de Reszke sings Don Basilio's "Calumny" song with remarkable spirit, appreciation, and power. That it is an exceedingly difficult number need scarcely be said. In the Lesson scene Mme. Patti has introduced Signor Ardit's waltz "Il Bacio," a good piece of dance music, but not by any means the best selection she could have made; and on both occasions when the opera was played a repetition of this has been followed by "Home, Sweet Home," which was charmingly sung, though the phrasing was decidedly open to criticism, especially in the second verse. Signor Bevignani, when he conducts, has greater command over the orchestra than M. Dupont has acquired.

HENLEY REGATTA.

THE prospect which seemed to offer itself a few years ago of Henley becoming an international regatta in the true sense of the word has not been realized. No one of the important prizes, either for eights, fours, pairs, or sculls, has yet been won by foreigners; and of late the attempts to take them out of this country have become more feeble, instead of stronger. At this week's regatta there were, as last year, two Continental scullers entered for "the Diamonds"; but the exhibition they made was far poorer than ever before, and their defeat showed them to be of an altogether different calibre from our own men. Dr. Patton, of Cologne, made quite as bad a fight with the Oxford sculler, Unwin, as Herr Bungert, who calls himself the Champion of Germany, had made earlier in the day against the two metropolitan scullers whom he had to meet. Both were in fact beaten out of sight, and it seems clear that, as regards Germany, we have to fear no competition with our own amateurs. This is, as times go, a gratifying result to start with, qualify it as we may by various ingenious arguments that have been used to explain away the defeats or absence of the foreign element. It may be said, of course, that the stricter definition of an amateur now laid down by the Henley stewards has kept away men who in their own country are considered fully entitled to the

name. And it may be said, with more force, that such real amateurs as are to be found in the Colonies, in the United States, and on the Continent are not able to spare the time necessary to enable them to come here to row. Still, after making all allowances for these obstacles and impediments, it is difficult to doubt that, if there were amateur clubs in these countries capable of turning out winning crews for Henley, the crews would somehow or other in one year or another find their way to the starting-post. The analogy of cricket and athletics strongly favours this conclusion, and enables us without undue vanity to point to aquatics as the one kind of exercise in which our gentlemen can still hold their own without difficulty.

It will probably be thought that the most interesting feature in the regatta, of which the first part can be here noticed, was this ludicrously easy victory of two young English scullers over the best men sent by other nations. From the remaining races no very general conclusions are to be drawn as to the relative excellence of different styles of rowing. There have been years, as in 1882, when the Universities, or one of them, seemed to have established a clear precedence over their rivals, the metropolitan clubs. In that year not only did the chief prize fall to Exeter College, but the principal race for four-oars was won by Hertford, in the open four-oared race by Jesus, Cambridge, the pairs and the sculls by Hertford, while Eton carried off the less important eight-oared race, thus leaving the lower Thames clubs, represented mostly by elder men, altogether out in the cold. But then other years have followed, as in 1883, when the tide of fortune turned the other way, and such clubs as London, Thames, and Kingston again claimed the chief honours of the day. In fact, the great charm of Henley, and, it may be added, of English amateurs' rowing altogether, is that there are so many clubs, constituted in so many different ways, each of which can at the beginning of the regatta, or of the year in which the regatta is to be held, hope to send up the winner of any prize open to it. In most years there is a grand division to be made between the academic crews, as they may be called, embracing, in the first place, the College crews of the two Universities, and then the clubs reunited wholly or chiefly from old members of the Universities, and, on the other hand, the London crews, such as Thames, L.R.C., and sometimes West London, composed of business men having for the most part no connection either with Oxford, Cambridge, or Eton. To this latter category may be added such clubs as "Royal Chester," which appeared this year again after many failures, manifesting that admirable spirit which is alone to be relied upon to make a local boat club ultimately good enough to carry off the big prizes. The reward of such plucky performance was well illustrated this year in the case of Radley, which, after many disappointments, achieved a great and memorable victory over the best College eight that Oxford could send to the regatta.

This long-standing rivalry between University and non-University crews was expected to be fought out in a brilliant style this year in the chief races both for the eights and the fours. In the former London—the winners of last year, and the fortunate owners of the best station in the first heat—were known to be most formidable champions of the down-river division, while to the superficial observer Leander, and to the more knowing judges Twickenham, seemed to represent worthily the academic clubs. The second trial heat demonstrated a great superiority of the Twickenham over the Leander men, but it was reserved for the last day to decide the main issue, and arbitrate between London and Twickenham. Careful observers will not have failed to note that the conditions of the struggle were to a large extent identical in 1883 and 1884. Last year London, with the station, beat Twickenham without it; but subsequent encounters proved that, after all, the latter were the better crew. It is more than possible, also, that Thames, if they had the station this year, would have beaten London in the trial heat. The other grand trial was to have come off in the trial race for the Stewards' Cup, the rivals being on this occasion Twickenham and Thames. The race was completely spoilt by a foul in the early part of the course, which prematurely terminated what would have probably been the best struggle of the whole regatta. Beyond these two contests—for the "Grand" and the "Stewards"—and the international sculling competition, there was, as we have said, little notable in the regatta of 1884, which has given no very decided advantage to either of the two styles that differ most widely. But the learned will not omit to notice how impossible it is shown to be to argue by strict rules of analogy from one boat to another. Take, for example, the instance of Kingston, which had an eight composed of very good men individually considered. This eight was beaten with much ease by both Twickenham and Leander. Should not, therefore, the four which included half of this beaten crew have been beaten, if not easily, at least somehow or other, by the London four, composed of the best men in the eight which was expected to win the "Grand"? It might surely have been thought so without any unreasonable presumption. And yet the Kingston four beat the London four with the most ridiculous ease. This is only one out of many instances which at this and at other regattas shows how each crew of each club must be judged separately on its own merits for each race, and how absurd it would be to say that a club which has a good eight must, therefore, have a good four. Prizes at Henley go not to the best men individually considered—except, of course, in the sculls—but

to those who, by long practice and perhaps some accidental congruity of style, most successfully master the grand art of rowing well together.

TWO MATINÉES.

THERE are many who persist in believing in the utility of *matinées*, notwithstanding a woeful experience, and who still welcome them as furnishing managers and authors with valuable tests of 'prentice craftsmanship. When, however, the promise of a piece is rudely blighted, the blame is sometimes adroitly shifted from the author to the unfortunate company, or the innumerable obstacles to perfect representation inseparable from *matinées* are made responsible. The most sanguine supporter of the prevalent system of *matinées* must have sustained a severe shock if he found himself of M. Lubimoff's audience at the Vaudeville last Tuesday, when the Russian dramatist's "entirely new and original comedy," *A Young Wife*, was produced. To designate this production as crude, to speak of its representation as contemptible, to affirm of the author that he has much to learn, would be to indulge in half-truths when the circumstances demand a fuller condemnation. M. Lubimoff has not much, but everything, to learn. He has to learn to write, he has to learn to construct, and he has to learn that it is unmanly, although convenient, to attempt to transfer the odium of failure from himself to others. He may or may not rightly conceive that his fellow-actors afforded him poor support, but no support whatever would save his play from the well-merited fate it met. He chose to produce his comedy in circumstances which he subsequently decried as injurious to it and his own fair fame, and, having so done, he should accept the public verdict with the diffidence of youth.

A very different species of *matinée* was given at the Prince's Theatre on Wednesday, when a new drama was produced, entitled *Deacon Brodie; or, the Double Life*, written by Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley. Its representation was in some respects of great merit, and it leaves an impression of force and freshness. The drama contains telling situations, and is animated by the melodramatic spirit; its dialogue is vigorous and picturesque, while frequently pungent with epigram and lit with grim and saturnine humour. With the exception of some weak scenes, the action is consistently evolved, and the chief characters possess distinct and impressive individuality that does not perish with the fall of the curtain, but haunts the memory with a presence not to be denied. This powerful impression of vitality is striking; the persons of the drama are no mere figures, they are characters endued with distinct personality. The active melodramatic aspect of the Deacon's life is indeed too much insisted on, the long-continued presentation of one side of his dual existence to the exclusion of the other causes a painful want of relief; we have too much of the burglar and law-breaker, too little of the hypocrite in the haven of domesticity. There is too much of the lurid atmosphere of crime; the excitement of a rapid series of intensely thrilling situations becomes oppressive till at length the *dénouement* undoubtedly loses much of its due effect by this overstrained prolongation of a febrile stimulus. Hence, too, the double life of Deacon Brodie is not fully illustrated, and his hypocrisy is not displayed with subtlety and finish. He is a villain who combines the apparently incompatible callings of carpenter and housebreaker; his vice is not so much in his law-breaking as in his hypocrisy, which, indeed, is the active principle of the double life that the authors profess to illustrate. His presentment would have gained, and not lost, dramatic power if it were less arbitrary and one-sided. So very obvious an objection to the structure of the drama cannot detract from the power of many of the scenes and the strength of the situations. The finale of the first act is a very happy conception; so, too, are the final situation in the second act and the scene where Brodie discovers that the door of his apartment has been forced in his absence. The scene of the burglary and the *rencontre* between Brodie and his friend Leslie are both ingenious and effective. On the other hand not a few passages and scenes are wanting in motive and extraneous to the action. The scene where Brodie's sister and his mistress, Jean Watt, meet face to face is disappointing; and, while marking the authors' omission to utilize a great opportunity, it illustrates the determined pursuit of one line of action that certainly is a serious fault in their drama.

The representation comprised more than one example of admirable acting, and was collectively superior to that of the average of *premières*. The trying part of Deacon Brodie, undertaken by Mr. E. J. Henley, was realized with considerable strength. A decided faculty for displaying rapid and varying emotion, for suggesting at once the expression and compression of the passions, was repeatedly illustrated in the first act. An admirable rendering of the Procurator, a humorous canting character, was given by Mr. John Maclean; the parts of the Deacon's lawless companions were ably filled by Mr. Fred Desmond, Mr. Julian Cross, and Mr. Edmund Grace—all three parts genuine creations of very vital distinction, the Humphrey Moore of the last-named actor being a most impressive portrait of a repulsive ruffian. Mr. Akhurst, as the Bow Street runner, played with quiet effective humour; Mr. Brandon Thomas was a spirited and dashing representative of the highwayman Captain Rivers; Mr. Cartwright, as the Deacon's friend Leslie, was at times a little too energetic and rough. Miss Lizzie Williams, as the Deacon's sister, and Miss Minnie Bell, as Jean Watt, were thoroughly equal to the small demands made on their dramatic powers.

REVIEWS.

COWPER'S LETTERS.*

FORTIFYING himself with the authority of Southey and Alexander Smith, Mr. Benham designates Cowper "the best of English letter-writers," and he thinks that "few will be found to challenge this opinion." But these are almost the very words which Scott applies to Walpole, and Byron would probably have endorsed them. If we are to go by authorities, Byron and Scott are surely equal to Southey and Smith—even though it be Smith "with a difference." And Keats, Shelley, Pope, Gray, nay, Byron himself—have not others claimed for them also the epistolary palm? The fact is that the qualification "best," like the "grand old name of gentleman," is very laxly used, particularly by those who "fagot their notions as they fall," and care little whether they preserve critical proportion or accurately express minor distinctions. Scott's elevation of Walpole is really as indiscriminate as Southey's elevation of Cowper. Each possesses in excess qualities which are more or less wanting in the other. Cowper is always natural, but he is not always amusing; Walpole is never dull, but, unless we concede that affectation is his nature, he is never natural. It is Cowper's especial praise that he is uniformly unfeigned and unaffected; and no one could justly object if by a narrower and more precise definition he were styled "the most natural of English letter-writers." His momentary mood is reflected in his pages with the fidelity of mental photography; he is humorous, playful, grave, or morbid as the fit is on him; indeed, in the same sheet he is sometimes all of these, and you may see the cloud pass and the sun shine out in the space of thirty lines. His gadding, gossiping *enjouement* is infectious, and the ambling, easy progress of his style delightful. No man, in all probability, ever dignified a small-beer chronicle with so much felicity of simple expression, or cast over a "set gray life" the charm of such a venial and amiable egotism. The escape of a pet hare, the description of a home-made greenhouse, the visit of a canvassing member ("a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman!")—all these grow under his pen as exciting as the most moving accidents. The defect of his letters, regarded as a whole, is the extreme tenuity of their themes. Like the marquise of tradition, he too often begins because he has nothing to do, and leaves off because he has nothing to say—only he does not contrive it, as she did, in a couple of lines. And when a middle-aged man, writing to a lady, is obliged to entertain her by the announcement that the clerk of the parish has made him new straps to his shoe-buckles, or to enlarge upon the merits of gingerbread as a remedy for "distention of stomach," it is manifest that he must sometimes be sorely pressed for material.

The drawback of monotony, however, so apparent to those familiar with bulkier editions, is less felt in a selection, and particularly a selection made by so well qualified an editor as Mr. Benham. Of course no selection can satisfy every one; and we ourselves miss in Mr. Benham's a well-known letter to William Unwin, containing what has long been regarded as the best definition of familiar verse by one who was himself no mean proficient in the art. Yet, taking all things together, Mr. Benham is to be complimented upon the result of his labours. His introduction gives sufficient particulars respecting Cowper's correspondents, and he has grouped his material in the most simple and effective manner. Whether it might not be better to omit some of the letters to John Newton may be matter of opinion. But in this case the correspondence would not have been fairly represented; and it is these letters especially which best illustrate the remark made by Mr. Benham in his preface that Cowper always writes "as though talking personally to whomsoever he is addressing." Thus, while to Lady Hesketh he is such a playmate as a rather feminine man might be to a pretty cousin, to Hill a boon companion, and to John Johnson an elder brother, to Newton he writes like a pupil to pedagogue, nervously anxious to justify his peccadilloes, dreading his master's *verbiger linguae*, and taking an anticipatory gloom from the harshness of his look. And yet, by an odd chance, it so happens that one or two of the most jocund of his earlier epistles are to Newton. That recording the adventure of Puss the Hare is one, and there is another as good. Like the title-page of Mr. Lowell's *Fable for Critics*, and a certain notice "To Correspondents" which once appeared in the *Cornhill*, though printed as prose, it is wholly in rhyme. As, out of the novels of the late Mr. Mortimer Collins, examples of this sort are rare, and as Mr. Benham refrains from giving any note upon the subject, we quote its final lines:—

I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in you were forced to begin a minut pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penned; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out with jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me, W. C.

Our reference above to the want of a note reminds us that Mr. Benham is by no means liberal in this way. Whether this is the

* *Cowper's Letters*. Selected and Edited by Rev. W. Benham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

result of the pernicious example of Mr. Matthew Arnold's solitary comment in his Johnson's *Lives* we cannot presume to say; but, without making the text an excuse for notes, there are certainly occasions when some elucidations, even of Cowper, might be of advantage. For example, as Grimshawe points out, he was in error in thinking that Johnson had said nothing of Prior's *Solomon*; and it might also have been mentioned that he was equally wrong in assuming that *Alma* was not written in imitation of *Hudibras*. The copy may not resemble the original; but one of the happiest passages in this very poem of Prior is a genuine glorification of Butler. Again, Cowper's curious ignorance of Chapman surely deserves to be accounted. He must, one would think, have read of him in Pope's preface; and yet he seems at first to confuse him with the egregious laureate of the battle of Hochstadt (Blenheim?), whom Macaulay quotes in his essay on Addison:—

Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast,
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals, &c.

Cowper's literary opinions, in fact, are sometimes so exceptional that we are surprised they did not seduce Mr. Benham into breaking his editorial silence. His reticence in this respect, nevertheless, has not prevented him from making a very pleasant addition to the "Golden Treasury" series. There are a few misprints, which it will be well to correct in future issues. And there are some slight mistakes. Though Covent Garden was once Convent Garden, Fielding did not edit the *Convent Garden Journal*. Neither, whatever Cowper may have remembered, did Pope write of "leather or prunello."

TWO NOVELS.*

IT would be hard to bestow higher praise on Mr. Besant's *Dorothy Forster* than to say that it is written on very much the same lines as his *Chaplain of the Fleet*. It depicts with singular vividness and accuracy the manners of a former age; while it searches out with similar subtlety of analysis the strength and the weakness of a sensitive female heart. *Dorothy Forster* is in many ways much more than the ordinary historical novel. True, it shows all the industry and exactitude of research in which the historical novel is too often lamentably deficient; but, at the same time, in place of inviting us to a promenade among lay figures, it carries us back among living men and women, who have passions with which we may sympathize. Mr. Besant has shown the rare combination of qualities which entitles him to speak with authority on the art of novel-writing. Seldom has more thoroughly conscientious work been employed more gracefully for the higher objects of fiction. *Dorothy Forster* is a Northumbrian story of the Rebellion of 1715; and, to assure the precision of historical facts, innumerable family records must have been ransacked and many authorities reviewed. As for the local topography and the descriptions of scenery on the sea-coast, in the Dales and along the moorlands of the Border, if Mr. Besant is not a Northumbrian born and bred, he would seem to have acclimatized himself in these Northern latitudes. We have the story of the unfortunate rising traced from its beginnings in the circumstances and the feelings of the old families of the county. Some of them, like the Radcliffes, still held the old faith; others, like the Forsters, were deeply imbued with hereditary Jacobite principles. Not a few were hopelessly embarrassed, and went in for revolution as an alternative to insolvency. Mr. Besant paints to the life the sporting, hard-drinking, fast-living society that in its ignorance and thoughtlessness fell an easy prey to the intrigues and false information of foreign agents. In such a society Dorothy Forster had been born and brought up; an innocent, warm-hearted, and emotional girl, who had scarcely gone beyond sight of the parish church-tower or the battlements of the family castle of Bamborough, she is a less artificial Flora McIvor. She admires the rough country gentlemen who are her brother's neighbours and boon companions as types of rude strength and hardy chivalry, but she cannot love any of them; when, all at once, the country is stirred by a great event. It is nothing less than the arrival of the young Lord Derwentwater from the Court of the Pretender, and he is received by Catholics and Protestants alike with almost royal honours. With his polished manners, his cultivated mind, and his manly graces, he is the very hero to win a girl's heart. The beautiful Dorothy almost adores him, and her adoration is fervently returned. Though she has little dowry, there is no reason but one why the pair should not marry and live happily ever after. But the one objection to their union proves insuperable; for Dorothy is an earnest Protestant and the handsome Earl is a Catholic. He would even have consented to renounce his faith when he finds that he cannot win her otherwise; but she will not hear of a sacrifice he may not only regret but repent. They are drifted apart; the man, although he can never forget, consoles himself with a happy marriage; but Dorothy, who is saddened though not soured, remains devoted to the memories she loves to cherish. Nothing can be more delicately sketched and analysed than the several states of the minds of the lovers. Lord Derwentwater marries from a high sense of duty, for the head of his family has duties to fulfil. But

love follows so closely on that discharge of his duty, that his wife, who has been fully taken into his confidence, can rise superior to the sense of jealousy, and admire the girl who had refused her husband; while Dorothy feels for him and behaves towards him as a sister when the upshot of his unhappy enterprise has brought him to the Tower and the block.

The higher interest of the story centres in these two; and yet many of the minor characters are of scarcely inferior merit. There are wild and weird love passages between Frank Radcliffe, a younger brother of the Earl, and a certain Jenny Lee, who had been Dorothy's favourite waiting-maid. This Jenny Lee was of gipsy blood, and local superstition had credited her with strange and supernatural powers. Mr. Besant seems to imply that in the exercise of her gifts she had anticipated our modern exponents of mesmerism. Be that as it may, she had all the witchery of a pretty and piquant young woman; and she had cast her spells effectually over this noble scion of the Radcliffes. The gipsy waiting-maid had become a great lady in London when Dorothy comes south after the Rebellion to labour for the release of her brother. And the passion of the spoiled and capricious actress who had brought half the fashionables of London society to her feet for the dying man to whom she has devoted herself is most picturesquely described. With no religious principles of her own, Jenny becomes pious for Radcliffe's sake; and, buoying herself with the hopes of an impossible recovery, she prepares herself a terrible shock and awakening. Very good is the picture of "Tom Forster," the brother of Dorothy and the "General" of the Rebellion. The silent county member and honest county sportsman who was forced forward into so prominent and responsible a post, is a most truthful historical satire on the follies of the Jacobite faction. Admirable is the dignified Prince Bishop and Palatine of the county of Durham, the Lord Crewe who, with all his sympathies for the exiled King, was far too wise to risk either life or lands for him, and who bequeathed the noble Bamborough charities for the salvation of lives on the coast. But perhaps the most ingenious of the characters in the novel, his heroine hardly excepted, is that of Mr. Anthony Hilyard, who is the obsequious servant and parasite of her family. Hilyard had blighted a promising University career by his irrepressible tastes for fun and satire. The most learned of men, and Mr. Besant illustrates his learning in his conversation, he is at the same time a born mimic and buffoon. Approving and preaching what is better, he persistently follows what is worse; and yet his great qualities are so many and so conspicuous, that Dorothy admires him in spite of his follies. When the failure of the rising has sent his patron to Newgate, his constancy and unselfishness are beyond all praise; and we feel that had Mr. Hilyard only had birth and somewhat more of a character, he might have consoled Miss Forster for the loss of Lord Derwentwater, especially when the influence of Lord Crewe has promoted him to a canonry of Durham.

Berna Boyle is an extremely readable novel, though the improbabilities of character that inspire the action are almost too great for credibility. The author of *George Geith* for once has left the courts of the City of London for the wilder regions of Northern Ulster. There is a successful Belfast man of business in the story, a capital study of a self-made man, but Mr. Vince merely figures in a subordinate place. We have a melancholy love tale brought unexpectedly to a happy conclusion, when we had fancied that the happiness of both the lovers was shipwrecked, and that the lady was doomed to an early death. The rock upon which the couple were so nearly wrecked was Berna's eccentric and impracticable fancies; for there was no good reason, but much the contrary, why they should not have married ere trouble separated them. Berna is a girl of good birth by her father's side, but cursed with the most vulgar and feather-brained of mothers, to whom she is nevertheless dutifully attached. The late Mr. Boyle, having lived and squandered in genuine Irish fashion, has left his wife and daughter pretty nearly penniless. They find rich relations at Belfast who would willingly have been friends had not Mrs. Boyle laboured indefatigably and successfully to estrange them. The cottage home of the affectionate Berna is made a purgatory to her by the selfish cruelty and vulgar pretensions of the mother, which grate on her natural refinement at every turn. For Mrs. Boyle, who is elderly and very *passée*, will believe that she is still young and a beauty; and she fancies that every man who sighs for her beautiful daughter only waits some natural encouragement to fall at her own feet. In these circumstances we should have fancied that Berna would have welcomed an opportunity of release, so long as she might reconcile her duty with her affections and was not asked to abandon her parent. A hero comes to her, as a hero came to Dorothy Forster; and if not of the same high rank as Lord Derwentwater, he was even more handsome. Nor even, in point of family, is Gorman Muir much Berna's inferior. His mother was a lady of ancient birth, and he had once great expectations from a landed uncle who had latterly quarrelled with him. But it is not inadequacy of means that is Berna's reason for refusing him. Muir has gone into business as a gentleman farmer and horse-breeder, and is doing very well indeed. What she cannot away with is the vulgar father, with whom, however, her lover has little in common; and, as Gorman would do anything in the world to make her his, it seems to us that the simplest solution of the difficulty would be to get married and transfer their establishment elsewhere. That solution, however, would have brought the novel to a premature termination; and Berna through another volume and a half has an infinity of sorrows in

* *Dorothy Forster*. By Walter Besant, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

Berna Boyle. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith, of Fenn Court" &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

store for her. She refuses Gorman repeatedly, and in terms so peremptorily decided that even the most experienced of novel-readers would have given next to nothing for his chances; and that is so much the opinion of the gentleman himself that, prompted simultaneously by his father and the Devil, he determines on a wedding and a wooing in genuine old Irish fashion. We have a false message, an Irish car, a couple of hireling ruffians, and a fearful night of storm; and Berna in those most dramatic circumstances is borne away to a cabin in the mountains. But her rough wooer has miscalculated his own strength of mind, and underrated hers. Brought face to face in the cabin, with the winds howling without, and the ocean breaking in fury over the cliffs beneath, she awes him with her dignified courage, and chills his passions into obsequious reverence. It is easier, however, to apologize for his mad act than to repair its consequences. Berna's character being seriously compromised, that is made an argument by her connexions for her consenting to the marriage; but the girl remains firm as before, and Gorman, going away in despair, takes the shilling as a private soldier. How she learned to know her own mind, though rather late, we leave our readers to learn from the novel; at all events, she has the opportunity of proving the sincerity of her penitence by rejecting many satisfactory offers of marriage for the sake of the man she had driven to despair.

BARNESLEY WORTHIES.*

M R. WILKINSON is not altogether free from the besetting temptation which leads local historians to turn geese into swans. He sees celebrities where others can discover personages of only a very ordinary kind; and youthful subalterns killed in battle bring to a close not a time of respectable service, but a singularly eminent career. But in spite of this, and although in some of his narratives he may fairly be said to cross the limits of boredom, he may yet honestly say that Barnsley and its neighbourhood form a district which is well worth writing about. At the least he has put together a book which with all its faults contains points of interest for readers of various classes. It is, no doubt, unfortunate that these must be sought at the cost of wading through matter wholly destitute of attraction except for those who may be personally connected with the district or with the families whose origin, lineage, and fortunes are supposed to have rendered it famous. Mr. Wilkinson would not, perhaps, allow that any portion of his pages is filled with information of no importance; but he candidly confesses that he "makes no great pretensions to authorship," meaning doubtless by authorship grace and beauty of style, for every man who writes a book is manifestly its author, and must take the responsibility of the fact. We cannot say that the disclaimer is uncalled for, in face of so remarkable a sentence as that which speaks of the execution of Catherine Howard, "on the indictment found against her at Doncaster with having carried on her illicit connexion with Denham and Culpeper, with the connivance and assistance of Lady Rochford during this residence at Pontefract, who were also executed soon afterwards" (277); or, again, of the properties belonging to the school of Archbishop Holgate "situate at Sinnington in the North Riding, and at Bilborough and Hemsworth in the West Riding of the county of York, which in 1857 produced a rental of 245*l*. a year" (303). Another sentence not very carefully constructed tells us of Lady Bellairs that "it would seem as if, despite the ill-favour of her father-in-law, whom Burnet tells us, reported her engagement with the Duke to the King, she was received with great favour at the Court of King James" (262).

In fact, Mr. Wilkinson writes rather from impressions made on his memory than according to the needs of grammar. "A love of the fine arts," we are told, "was not a prominent trait in Sir William Wentworth's character; indeed, he writes he has no money to buy them with." On looking back for two or three sentences we find that the things to be purchased or dispensed with are not the fine arts, but pictures. It may be worth while to Mr. Wilkinson if he scrutinizes somewhat more closely the manuscript of the papers which are to form the second volume of this work, and which, like those contained in the present series, have already appeared in a local journal. Nor would readers generally be sorry if the second volume should be less loaded with details of a very petty kind, although, perhaps, those who belong to the district might resent their omission.

In the first volume we have accounts of the families of Wood of Monk Bretton, of Beckett of Barnsley and Leeds, of Wombwell, Armitage, Rodes of Great Houghton, Halifax, and Brooke, besides chapters on Sir William and Lady Mary Armyne, on Robert Holgate, Archbishop of York, and Joseph Bramah, the inventor. But the most ambitious paper is the one relating to the Earls of Strafford, of Stainsborough. This account of the owners of Wentworth Castle the author regards with satisfaction, as being far more full than he had at the outset hoped to make it. It has, in fact, "been compiled from every available source," and is a sufficiently full record of the revived earldom of Strafford. Of the first earl Mr. Wilkinson speaks throughout in terms of eulogy certainly not inadequate to his powers or his deserts; but enough has been done to illustrate his political career by the publication of the Wentworth Papers, noticed not long ago in the columns of this *Review*. Thomas Wentworth, in

whose person were revived the dignities of his illustrious ancestor, was not a man likely to make on succeeding ages an impression equal to that which at first he seems to have made on his own. He has perhaps shared the fate of many who have had an inordinate notion of their own abilities and importance. Swift marked him as a man of very bad understanding and unable to spell. The first imputation may have been too severe; the second charge was manifestly true, and Mr. Wilkinson vainly tries to evade its force by comparing Lord Raby with Marlborough. It might be more to the purpose to say that he had been bred among folk who cared little for what they may have thought a needless accomplishment; and whatever may have been his own deficiencies in this matter, they were vastly surpassed by those of his wife. Even what may have been a careless age it is amazing to come across the "carelessness" which could lead Lady Wentworth to speak of Sir Godfrey Kneller after the following fashion:—"Sir Godferry has made a good picture of Neic Hanbury and is drawing Peter Bathurst wife—pray let Sir Godferry Nellor draw your lady's picture, whoe is the best panter we have, neither of her pictures dus her justics." In point of taste husband and wife were perhaps not unequally matched. Lord Strafford had a liking for things on a large scale, and his mansion at Stainsborough became a vast pile, standing in grounds decorated with sham temples and sham castles, yet not lacking a certain character of grandeur. Mr. Wilkinson does not fail to make the most of it; and due weight must be allowed to the agreement between the opinion of Arthur Young that "the new front to the lawn is one of the most beautiful in the world," and that of Horace Walpole, who speaks of Wentworth Castle as being his favourite of all great seats, and of this new front as "one of the lightest and most beautiful buildings on earth." Unfortunately, the judgment of neither can be accepted as decisive on matters architectural, whatever may be its authority on other questions.

The notice of the family of Rodes gives us some particulars of more value relating to the greater Wentworth, who with Macaulay was emphatically the wicked earl. A halo, we are told, is thrown over Great Houghton by the fact that Strafford's third wife was Elizabeth, sister of Sir Edward Rodes. In one page he is said to have cared little for her in comparison with his second wife; in the next we are assured that he loved her dearly. The two statements are perhaps not irreconcilable; but a melancholy interest attaches to two letters written by him to this his last wife shortly before his death. Both show how little he foresaw the issue of the efforts made to bring about his downfall. In the first he says cheerfully:—

I shall doe more for you this morning than I could have done since I was your husband, write you a letter from Woodhouse; whither now I am cum in health I humbly praise God, and to the abode of my fathers.

He goes on to say that the business impending is "much and intricate," but adds that this does not affright him. A little pains and patience will set all right. He notices the huge abundance of fruit and the plenteous supply of venison in his domain, and ends his letter with the prayer that God may send him and all his company "well at Dublin againe."

Three months only before his execution he wrote to her from the Tower; and even then he writes with undiminished confidence:—

The charge is now cum inn, and I am now able I prayse God to tell you that I conceive there is nothing capitall; and for the rest I now at the worste his Ma'ty will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then we shall be happy by God's grace.

In a third letter, written three weeks only before his death, he still trusts that all will end well, and bids her be of good cheer. So drew towards their close the days of a man who was soon to be assured of the vanity of putting trust in princes.

In the chapter on the family of Wombwell Mr. Wilkinson gives a story, which he seems to accept with full reliance on its truth, to the effect that Cromwell's body was not hung and beheaded after the Restoration, the simple reason being that it was not at Westminster Abbey to be disinterred. It had been transferred to Newburgh through the foresight of Mary Cromwell, wife of the second Lord Fauconberg, who,

with keen womanly instinct, sharpened yet more by filial affection, foresaw that, the Restoration once achieved, the men who had fled before Oliver at Naseby and Worcester would not allow his bones to rest in Westminster. At dead of night his corpse was removed from the vault in the Abbey, and that of some member of the undistinguished crowd substituted for it. In solemn secrecy Cromwell's remains were conveyed to Newburgh, where they yet repose.

Mr. Wilkinson adduces in support of his belief the statement of a writer in the *World*, who holds that there is no reason to doubt the truth of a story preserved in the Belasyse family for two centuries and a quarter. It is, we are assured, not a legend, but a genuine piece of family history, implicitly believed on the spot; but it must be noted that all requests for a verification of the fact have been steadily refused.

The memoir of Sir George Wood gives some life to the section on the Wood family. In Lord Campbell's judgment he was "the great master of special pleading, who had initiated into his art the most eminent lawyers of that generation." A long list of these is given by Scarlett (Lord Abinger) in his *Autobiography*; and his high legal reputation may well be cited as doing credit to the Barnsley district. His readiness in repartee is illustrated by a story of the York Assizes. Terribly bitten at his lodging by bugs, he caught some to show to his landlady the next morning.

Of course she averred that there were no such things in her house. How

* *Worthies, Families, and Celebrities of Barnsley and the District.* By Joseph Wilkinson. London: Bemrose & Sons.

ever, Mr. Wood showed her those he had caught. "Well," she exclaimed, "I am sure I did not know I had a single one about the place." "Indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Wood, "and I fancy you are right, for I fully believe they are all married, and have very large families."

The chapter on the family of Brooke is concerned chiefly with John Charles Brooke, the Somerset Herald, a man of far greater power and more solid achievements than Lord Strafford of Stainborough. He inherited the genealogical tastes of his father and his uncle; and, although he had done much, he would assuredly have done much more if his life had not been prematurely cut short by an accident at the Haymarket Theatre in 1794. His sister Margaret married Dr. Thomas Zouch, who declined the bishopric of Carlisle on the plea of age in 1808, and of whom Southey said that he had never seen a gentler-minded man. Mr. Wilkinson's exactness seems to be at fault when he speaks of him as rector of Sandal when he declined the offer of Carlisle. He was at that time rector of Scrayingham.

CONDÉR'S EXPLORATIONS IN SYRIA.*

CAPTAIN CONDÉR writes this graphic record of a short surveying campaign which was little more than a dashing and audacious raid into a hostile country with a much firmer and stronger hand than he showed in his remarkable book of travels called *Tent Work in Palestine*. It may be that he has a more interesting story to tell. Certainly, to some readers, the strange and mysterious country lying between the River and the Great Desert, with its memories of Moab, Bashan, and the Stony Country, offers much greater attractions than that between the River and the Sea. This district has been crossed by many travellers, nearly every one of whom has brought something back with him—inscriptions in thousands by Waddington and De Vogüé; a wonderful old Persian ruin by Tristram; Temples and Tombs by Oliphant; stories of subterranean cities by Wetstein; and now such shevaas as may be expected when a party, headed by Captain Condér, takes the field, and begins to go over the whole ground step by step, omitting nothing, as he has already gone over the ground of Western Palestine. Between the ordinary traveller and such a party there is the same difference as between one who picks the flowers in the hedge as he walks and one who lingers to banzai.

The commencement of the expedition was marked by one of the most fortunate discoveries which have been made of late years. Every Egyptian student knows the famous battle picture of Abu Simbel, representing the conflict between Rameses and the Hittites at Kadesh, the sacred city of the latter. It has been generally believed that this city, the site of which had been completely forgotten, stood upon a small island on Lake Koteineh, called by Abu el Feda, Bahret Kades; but there is no lake in the Egyptian picture, though the Orontes (called by the Egyptians Hannata) is clearly represented. Captain Condér discovered that Lake Koteineh is artificial, and owes its existence to a great dam built across the northern end, and that this is Roman work. But south of the lake there is a mound generally known as Tell Neby Mundeh. This mound, still a sacred place, called by the people Kadesh, answering in all respects to the Hittite site, has been identified by Captain Condér with the lost city. His argument is as ingenious as it is convincing, and though the identification has not yet been accepted by all, there seems to us little doubt that it is destined to prevail.

Leaving Kadesh Captain Condér visited and examined the island of Tyre, and has a curious chapter on the "Land of Purple," where among other things he noted many strange Phoenician survivals:—

The sailors of Tripoli are still Phoenician in feature and dialect; the sacred day of Ashtoreth are preserved at Acre and Tripoli; the votaries of the goddess were forbidden to eat fish at all, and even yet the so-called Moslems who make pilgrimages to offer gifts at these ponds jealously forbid that the sacred carp should be devoured. We no longer see the fish-like Oannes or Dagon, the lord of corn and of the plough (like the creative Ea in Assyria), carved at the wayside shrine, but his name is preserved in more than one Beth Dagon yet; and the dome of Neby Yunas, though now supposed to mark where Jonah was thrown up by the great fish, no doubt replaces a Tyrian temple of Hercules, who was swallowed alive by the whale, or of Dagon, half man, half fish. We no longer hear of Eshmun ("the eighth") as ruling the Cabiri, yet the symbolic dance of the planets survives, as we have noted in the last chapter. The name of Reseph of Egypt, Phoenicia, and Cyprus, the satyr-like husband of Anat, a "thunderer" and a rain-giver, with deer's horns, is still commemorated at the town of Arusuf, as M. Clermont Ganneau points out, comparing him to Horns and Saint George, to which names hundreds of others, Semitic and Aryan, might have been added. The sacred trees and stone heaps are still preserved, and the shrines stand as of old on the mountain tops. The feasts of Hercules are said still to be celebrated at Tyre, and Thoth or Set, the "pillar god," common to Hittite, Egyptian and Phoenician, reappears as the Prophet Seth.

How he invaded the Eastern country, was warned off by the Turks, and by neglecting to obey, by temporizing, by delays, by sending messengers and every other expedient, managed to secure a trigonometrical survey of five hundred square miles, the reader of his book may discover for himself. Suffice it to say that the survey was stopped by the most peremptory orders from Constantinople, and cannot be resumed till the Sultan grants a Firman for the renewal of the work.

At Amman, of which special detailed surveys were taken,

* *Heth and Moab: Explorations in Syria in 1881 and 1882.* By Claud Reignier Condér, R.E. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Captain Conder found a great deal, without counting the "bedstead of Og, King of Bashan," which is ingenious. For instance, there were tombs of the most ancient form—namely, Kokim. At the north of the citadel was discovered a great underground reservoir, with a secret passage, most likely that which is spoken of by Polybius in his account of the siege by Antiochus the Great, the betrayal of which led to the fall of the city. But his most valuable discovery was that a small building, already known and incorrectly described as Byzantine, is really a most curious and interesting work, closely similar to the Sasanian Palace at Ctesiphon, and with many features remarkably like those in the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem. Of course everybody knows that Captain Conder has long since declared his utter disbelief in Fergusson's theory that the Dome was built by Constantine.

But it is on the wonderful collection of Rude Stone Monuments made by Captain Conder's party that the leader of the expedition may most justly pride himself. It was already well known that such monuments existed in this part of the world. Tristram had seen them; Palgrave had found them in Arabia, Welsted on the shores of the Red Sea, Palmer in Sinai, and the Tih. No one, however, had the opportunity afforded to Captain Conder of studying so large a number of them. In Western Palestine there is here and there a dolmen or a circle. In the limited area of Captain Conder's survey there were found no fewer than five hundred, of which two hundred are sketched, and all are accurately placed on the map for purposes of arrangement and classification. Captain Conder devotes a chapter to the subject of Rude Stone Monuments in general, which will be found a careful and scholarly summary of the whole subject, though again he differs from Mr. Fergusson. He concludes his account of the Syrian dolmens with the following remarks:—

The conclusions suggested in the preceding chapter, after a consideration of monuments other than those of Syria, seem thus to be confirmed by what we learn from the monuments of the Holy Land. The menhir is the emblem of an ancient deity, the circle is a sacred enclosure, without which the Arab still stands with his face to the rising sun. The dolmen, whether modern or prehistoric, is (when free-standing) an altar rather than a tomb. The cairn is not always sepulchral, being sometimes a memorial heap; the disc-stone is a distinct production, perhaps of a later age. Such evidence as we possess shows that the rude tribes beyond Jordan buried their dead in small chambers cut in the rock, or in tombs similar to those of the Phenician and the Jew, and not beneath the table-stone of a free-standing trilithon; while the mounds of the Jordan valley and of the Hittite plains, whether citadels or sacred hills, have as yet never yielded sepulchral deposits.

To say that we still find the altars of Balak standing on Nebo may be premature. To point out the great dolmen at Amman as the throne of Og may be considered fanciful by some; but we may at least claim that we find structures which seem to resemble the early altars and pillars mentioned in Scripture still existing at places which, on entirely independent grounds, may be identified as representing the Mizpeh of Jacob, and the holy mountains of Nebo, Baal, and Peor. While in Judea not a single dolmen now remains standing, because in their zeal for the faith of Jehovah, the good kings, Hezekiah and Josiah, swept away for ever the "tables of Gad."

A chapter on the Belka Arabs ought to go far to remove the prevalent notions concerning this people. Their boasted bravery, Captain Conder thinks, is chiefly found when they are ten to one; their loyalty and good faith appear no longer to exist; they are full of superstition; they are also, like other savages, full of craft, cruelty, and deceit, and they have all the affection of honour and nobility which is found among other savages. A traveller among them would carry his life in his hand but for the fact that they are keen after money, and know how much money a party of travellers may spend among them. Lastly, we must call attention to a most valuable Appendix on the Moslem religion as it is, and the origins of the Koran. At a time when the subject is of vital importance to England, and when "wild words wander here and there" concerning Islam, this unpretending little chapter will be found most useful in clearing away prejudice and showing what this much-vaunted Monotheistic creed really is in its practical working. In fact, the book before us is a most valuable addition to our knowledge of Eastern Palestine, and, when supplemented by the publication of the voluminous memoirs, plans, and drawings, now in the hands of the Society which sent the author out, will contribute to our knowledge of the country a pendant worthy, so far as it goes, of the Survey of Western Palestine.

ECHOES OF THE YEAR.*

THE proper time for a review of Mr. Sala's "Echoes" will arrive about a hundred years hence, when the student of nineteenth-century thought and manners will turn to this book and its companions as the most faithful record attainable of what people talked about and how they looked at things. Mr. Sala himself laments that he has produced during his whole literary career no work more durable than "a mass of desultory essays and sketches of foreign travel, a mass of bald chat, and four bad novels." We do not, for our own part, expect that he will be remembered for the foreign travels, unless for his first book on America, which is a lively record of the States during the Civil War; or for his novels, though we do not go so far as their author in depreciating those works; but for his "bald chat" we back

* *Echoes of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-three.* By George Augustus Sala, Author of "Twice Round the Clock" &c. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

him for some kind of immortality against thousands of more pretentious writers. The feeling about being "remembered" is a curious survival of the old time when every little poetaster considered himself immortal, and "put on side" accordingly. We had always thought, however, that the modern *littérateur* gave little or no heed to his chance of posthumous reputation. The poems and the plays, the stories and the essays, the criticism and the speculations of the century will go out of fashion and of mind; but the man who can write "bald chat" so as to reflect the daily life of his generation may gratify his vanity with the thought that he and such as he are not forgotten. Who, for instance, looks to the formal essayists of the last century for a picture of manners when he can get the letters and the memoirs? Even the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, full of contemporary manners as they are, do not instruct one as to the true life of their period anything like so well as the *Athenian Oracle*. Now the Athenian Oracle of the present day, when there are no letters, and, so far as we know, few memoirs, is assuredly Mr. Sala. His "Biographical and Historical Echoes" may be, so to speak, sometimes faint—for instance, his remarks on King René, of Anjou, can hardly be called fresh, accurate, or exhaustive—but his literary, artistic, and social Echoes are crammed full of curious and interesting facts. Here is a specimen. Mr. Sala is discussing the ultimate destination of odd "bits":—

Some of the columns of old Carlton House went to support the portico of the National Gallery. There is a country house in North Kent built from the stones of Old London Bridge; the fittings of the abominable old Court of Star Chamber were purchased by Sir Edward Cust to decorate the dining-room of his country seat with; Hungerford Suspension Bridge went to Clifton, and the Lion at Northumberland House to Sion House (the grand staircase is in a modern mansion at Palace Gate). I know of the whereabouts, not far from Leighton Buzzard, of the chimney-piece from Rubens's house at Antwerp, and the poop lanterns of the Bucentaur; and I remember a Debating Society somewhere at Pentonville, the president of which used to sit in the Speaker's chair from the Old House of Commons.

I cannot precisely recollect the place to which the pillars of the Regent's Quadrant were transferred; but I suppose that the Palladian colonnade from old Burlington House is still prostrate in Battersea Park. The stones of Temple Bar are safe (if not sound), I presume, somewhere; and the last time that I saw Mr. Thomas T. Barnum he told me that he had either bought or was in treaty for the timbers of old Traitors' Gate from the Tower.

No one but Mr. Sala could have put so much curious information into a paragraph without spending a vast deal of time and trouble in looking up all kinds of authorities and note-books.

The student already referred to will discover when he reads Mr. Sala's book that in the year 1883 people travelled in railway carriages constructed after a reminiscence of the old stage-coach fashion, boxed up and exposed to the dangers of outrage, insult, and robbery; that the Sundays in some parts of London were devoted to the free fights of "religious" armies; that the young men of the period filled the buffets and corridors of the theatres with tobacco smoke; that the finest Quay in the world was allowed to be ruined by railway "blow-holes" and was the nightly undisturbed resort of robbers and garrotters; that the Local Government Board disallowed the lavish and wasteful expenditure of three shillings for the purchase of toys for sick children in an infirmary; that an effort was made to supply the people with cheap fish; that, in the opinion of the Home Secretary, there was no such place as London, and could not be, until the introduction of a new Municipal Government Bill; that the machinery for the removal of household refuse was clumsy, stupid, and in every way disgraceful; that the Lord Chief Justice of England made a tour through America and generously buttered the natives; with many other useful and valuable facts; and, if he continues his studies for the next twenty, thirty, or forty years following, during all of which we hope to read Mr. Sala's "Echoes," he will doubtless perceive how, little by little, things got altered.

NEW LAW BOOKS.*

If the author of *Every Man's Own Lawyer* is accurate in calling himself "A Barrister," he is a very bad man, and we do not wonder at his concealing his identity under that somewhat vague description. But we know that the wicked sometimes flourish,

* *Every Man's Own Lawyer: a Handy-Book of the Principles of Law and Equity.* By a Barrister. Twenty-first Edition. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1884.

The Parliamentary Elections Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act, 1882 to 1883. By C. A. Vansittart Conybeare, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow Brothers & Layton. 1884.

The New Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883. By J. T. Aston, Q.C., Lincoln's Inn. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Practice under the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883. By William Norton Lawson, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Butterworths. 1884.

The Bankruptcy Act and Rules, 1883. By M. D. Chalmers, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, and E. Hough, Chief Clerk, Bankruptcy Department, Board of Trade. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1884.

The Bankruptcy Act, 1883, and the Debtors' Act, 1880. By James McMullen Rigg, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

A Selection of the Precedents of Pleading under the Judicature Acts in the Queen's Bench and Chancery Divisions. By John Cunningham, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and Miles Walker Mattinson, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition, by Miles Walker Mattinson, Esq., and Stuart Cunningham Macaskie, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

and therefore we are more sorry than surprised to find that the horn of this particular wicked man is exalted to twenty-first edition. Every man should be true to his order, but "A Barrister" is so horribly false to his order and himself as not merely to publish this book with the express purpose of changing into literary profits for the latter what ought to be the professional gains of the former, but to embazon the exterior of his volume with such flagitious expressions as "No More Lawyers' Bills!" and "Six-and-eightpence Saved at Every Consultation!" Taking this view of the moral conduct of the author, we feel bound to point out some of the inaccuracies which we immediately detected upon opening the book here and there at random. We do not profess to have read it through, partly because, though the circumstance has escaped our recollection, we must obviously have already noticed the book somewhere between once and twenty times upon the publication of previous editions, and partly because "Landlord and Tenant, Easements and other Rights, Vendors and Purchasers, Masters, Servants, and Workmen, Clergy and Church, Elections and Registrations, Libel and Slander, Mercantile and Commercial Law" are only one-fourth of the subjects with which "A Barrister" professes to deal. Under the heading "Libels" we find that "All publications denying the truth of the Christian religion, or being of a blasphemous nature, or casting gross ridicule on the Church of England, are indictable at common law." This is probably true, but considering that a totally contrary opinion has for many years been advocated by certain distinguished lawyers, and has quite recently been held to be law by the Lord Chief Justice of England, it would have been more judicious to have adverted to the existing difference of opinion. However, the error is one on the side of morality and good manners, and is therefore comparatively venial from the non-technical point of view. The paragraph headed "Contracts by letters sent by post" begins with the dark saying that "a contract established through the medium of letters may be enforced in specie," to which it is hard to attach a meaning even after reading the context; so that, perhaps, the statement cannot be called exactly wrong. To the correct definition of burglary by breaking and entering is added, "or, being therein, stealing or breaking out," which implies that it is burglary to break out of a house at night, whether you have stolen anything or not. After this, we are not surprised to read in the same paragraph, "To constitute a burglary there must be either a burglary and entry proved, or, if not, that goods were stolen to the value of 5l.;" but what "A Barrister" can have been thinking of when he wrote this wild statement we cannot imagine. Our cursory investigation has shown us that the author constantly speaks of three years as the minimum term of penal servitude, which has been five years for nearly a quarter of a century. We must, however, thank him for his reproduction of the schedule of wild birds that have a close time, and the list of defects in horses that are held to constitute unsoundness. These resemble nothing so much as the singular passages in the works of the poet Whitman which his admirers call "catalogues," and which consist of unadorned enumeration of objects, such, for instance, as all the parts of the human body, from tips of the hairs of the head to filings of the toe-nails. From the one we learn that we live in the same island with the bonxie, the phalarope, the skua, and the tystey, and from the other that it is a breach of a warranty of soundness if the warranted horse suffers from gogginess or from mallenders and salanders. On the whole, though the book must now be pretty well beyond the reach of our commendation or dispraise, we are happy to think that a faithful reliance on its statements is likely to produce more six-and-eightpences for the lawyers than for its author.

It is good for a workman to be enthusiastic about the subject of his labour, and therefore Mr. Conybeare may be considered a fit and proper person to write a book about the *Corrupt Practices Act* of last year. For he asserts that "the urgent necessity of a measure for repressing actual corruption, and curtailing the unnecessary and extravagant expenditure at Parliamentary elections, has been ever since the General Election of 1880" generally admitted; and expresses the opinions that the constituencies ought to bear the costs of returning their members to Parliament, and that "until public opinion is ripe for that step, the surest ally of a measure such as the present will be found in the extinction of small, separate boroughs, and the substitution for these hotbeds of corruption of constituencies far greater in extent, and therefore less accessible to mean and corrupting influences." The introduction is followed by a short and clearly-arranged "Table of Offences, Punishments, Incapacities, and Penalties," in which the awful fact that anybody who buys or sells a pennyworth of coloured ribbon to be worn in token of sympathy with a candidate, or who gives or provides "cockades, &c.," to any one in the constituency, is liable to a fine of 100*l.* on summary conviction, and, if a voter, is incapacitated from voting. This is followed by a brief analysis of the Act; and the bulk of the book consists of the text of the Act, each section being illustrated by copious notes and references to decided cases. This part of Mr. Conybeare's work appears to us extremely well done, the meaning of every clause of each section being clearly explained; so that, with the help of index and analysis, the law upon any point can be readily ascertained. The text of the Act is followed by an Appendix, containing the unrepealed part of every Act which bears on the subject, from the Reform Act, 1832, to the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882. The book concludes with the Instructions for Returning Officers issued under the Ballot Act, 1882, the Rules for Election Agents, and forms of

election petitions, and of an affidavit in support of the withdrawal of a petition. We congratulate Mr. Conybeare on the production of a work at once compendious, accurate, and exhaustive.

Books on the new Patent Acts and the new Bankruptcy Act continue to rain upon us, and this week we have two of each to chronicle. It is not often that lawyers so eminent in practice as Mr. Aston, Q.C., have time or condescension to give new books to the world; and it would be exacting to look for a treatise dealing in a literary manner with the whole subject from so eminent and so constantly occupied an authority. Mr. Aston recognises this fact in the extremely modest sentence which forms the opening of his preface:—

The object of the annotator in appending his notes to the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act of 1883 has been to direct attention not only to the important alterations made in Law and Practice, but to point out how advantage may be taken of the provisions of the new Act by those whose interests are affected by its operation.

About the prospects of the new Act Mr. Aston is disposed to be sanguine:—

As regards Patents, the Act has obviously been framed with the object of affording, perhaps as far as possible, facilities enabling intending patentees readily and at a small cost to obtain, and more efficiently than under the old law, to protect Patent rights for *bona fide* inventions. If the new system be properly carried out . . . a careful study of the Act justifies the expectation that it will be productive of very beneficial results to applicants and the public.

The Act is printed with explanatory notes of considerable length and learning interspersed between each section, and the changes made in the law are duly specified and commented upon. An Appendix contains the rules, forms, and schedules contained in the Act or issued in accordance with its provisions, as well as the official instructions issued from the Patent Office to applicants for patents, for copyright in designs, and for registration of trademarks respectively. Mr. Lawson's book is more ambitious and less handy than Mr. Aston's. His preface contains one useful feature which we miss in Mr. Aston's book, and that is an enumeration of the alterations which the present Act introduces. The notes to the text of the Act seem to us somewhat less exhaustive and well expressed than Mr. Aston's, but to make up for this Mr. Lawson gives references to an astonishing number of cases. Similarly the book ends with a store of rules, forms, instructions, and the like, which we have seldom seen equalled in a book of this kind. In fact, the leading characteristic of Mr. Lawson's work appears to be exceptionally untiring industry. Mr. Aston's book is, on the whole, the more attractive to the critical eye, but a practitioner or a patentee might well be content with either.

Messrs. Chalmers and Hough's *Bankruptcy Act and Rules* "has no pretensions to be a complete treatise on the law of bankruptcy. It is intended rather as a practical guide to the Acts, Rules, and Forms. Cross references have been fully noted up, and historical and explanatory notes have been added with the view of indicating the changes in the law, and elucidating the operation of the new procedure. Cases for the most part have been sparingly quoted." That is the account of the book given in the preface by the authors, and we are glad to be able to endorse it unreservedly as far as it goes. But we may add that, while the "historical and explanatory notes" are somewhat brief, the information as to other Acts of Parliament and cognate matters with which bankrupts are concerned, collected at the end of the book, is no less extensive than it is judiciously selected. The introduction includes an adequate "Summary of Changes in the Law" and a brief review of the existing systems of bankruptcy law in foreign countries, which cannot fail to be useful. On the whole, Messrs. Chalmers and Hough's appears to us to be the best of the many books on this subject which we have recently had occasion to notice.

Mr. Rigg publishes the text not only of the Bankruptcy Act of last year, but also of the Debtors Act, 1869, and of the Bills of Sale Acts 1878 and 1882. The notes to the Bankruptcy Act are neither very numerous nor very long, but the subsequent rules, forms, and the like are as full as could be wished. While Mr. Rigg was printing the Bills of Sale Acts, he would have done well to incorporate the two, or at least to have shown how the Act of 1878 is affected by the extremely important amending Act of 1882, instead of printing the two Acts *in extenso*, and leaving the reader to collate their provisions for himself. Mr. Rigg boasts in his preface that in citing the "Law Reports" he has "uniformly omitted" the initial letters "L.R." "for the sake of brevity." This can hardly fail to lead to considerable confusion between the old "Queen's Bench" and "Exchequer" Reports, and their synonyms published by the Council of Law Reporting from 1865 to 1875.

We have received a second edition of Messrs. Cunningham and Mattinson's "Precedents of Pleading." It is, as a work dealing with pleadings in both divisions must necessarily be, a portly volume, and seems to have been carefully adapted to the new Judicature Rules.

WILSON'S ESSAYS.*

IT is a serious responsibility to republish a volume of occasional essays, but it is certainly a responsibility which is lightly incurred. Periodical literature affords endless opportunities for

* *Studies in History, Literature, and Legend.* By H. Schütz Wilson. London : Griffith & Farran. 1884.

throwing into shape impressions or ideas which suggest themselves to a writer's mind. Magazines are, in fact, a medium for literary conversation. A man has been reading some book, or studying some subject, and has a few notions which he thinks are worth submitting to others. They are framed in an article, and have their weight with those who read them, till some one else speaks who has something more to say. Talk of this sort is valuable, and tends to clear up many subjects, and prepare the way for their more thorough treatment. But it is not every man who can afford to collect his table-talk. We may demand that he should justify himself for doing so. He ought to show that his scattered utterances deserve to be considered together because they are grouped round some central principle, or because they have an artistic value through their grace of style; or, finally, he may humbly plead that they contain the pith of much current literature, and form a primer which he may read who has not time to read the books which they condense.

We are afraid that Mr. Wilson's book does not come under any of these heads, but must be consigned to the class of mere prattle. It deals with "History, Literature, and Legend"; and we do not always see under which head we are meant to classify each article. The most spirited of Mr. Wilson's papers deals with "Epplein von Gailingen," a German *Raubritter* of the fourteenth century. Mr. Wilson tells us that it is "based partly on living legend, partly on the records of old chronicles and archives"; but he gives us no indication which of these sources has been chiefly followed. He says vaguely, "England has her Robin Hood, Scotland her Rob Roy, and Germany her Epplein," and then tells his story of incredible deeds of prowess and audacity without any indication of its historical value. In fact Mr. Wilson, in a visit to Nürnberg came across a book about Epplein, which gave him materials for an article. He wrote it for popular amusement. It fulfilled its purpose; but it has no value to justify republication.

In like manner an essay on Goethe's *Faust* fills many pages with general remarks about the German stage, and Seydelmann's impersonation of Mephistopheles. When Mr. Wilson turns to a criticism of Goethe, he becomes lost in the depth of his own emotions. He cannot "measure the incommensurable." He does not attempt to do more than deal with the love story of Faust and Gretchen. He says nothing to indicate that this is a mere episode in a great philosophical drama. He prostrates himself before Goethe, and does not seem to see that prostration is not exactly the critical attitude. The only hope he leaves his readers is that, in the process of ages, their posterity may, by evolution, reach a height impossible to themselves at present, whence Goethe may be apprehended.

Despite some high labour—notably that highest of Carlyle—it cannot yet be said that the full significance and value of Goethe are adequately recognized in England. He has been dealt with in part by such dull commentators that his true image has been all obscured: as the noblest face seems distorted when it is reflected in a spoon. Great art reveals no secrets except to labour of great thought; and it must be long before Goethe can become—if he ever should become—popular in England. His own height stands in his way. You might as well blame a weak man for not having been up the Matterhorn as blame him for not understanding Goethe: it is not given to all to ascend such ideal altitudes.

This may be true; but there is no reason why Mr. Wilson should not try to erect a little bit of scaffolding. He has neither given the "great thought" nor the "great labour" necessary for such a purpose. He buttonholes his readers, and forces upon them a torrent of spasmodic emotion.

In his purely historical essays Mr. Wilson is more self-restrained. He is not, however, concerned with history as a science, but with history as a branch of literature. Political or social questions have no interest for him. He seeks the personal and pictorial elements. He cares more to know about people's love affairs than to know about their influence on the world. Thus he seizes upon "Madame Roland," and deals with her as an instance of the triumph of chastity over passion. He grows quite rapturous over her excessive virtue. "A fair woman flushed with feeling, living in a most grim time, she triumphed over all that was base in herself." He is pathetic over the aspect of public affairs. "Ah, that getting drunk with blood! Is the people coming to that?" About the opinions of the Girondins he is epigrammatic without being lucid. "Plutarch was their model—Perfection was their illusion—Ruin was their reward." The last sentence is constructed with more ingenuity than Mr. Wilson ordinarily shows. Indeed the boldness with which, when the alliteration failed him upon the *p*'s, he has changed the key to *r* is highly commendable. Still the sentence is but a scanty contribution towards the historical importance of the Girondins, and a still scantier towards Mme. Roland's influence in forming their opinions. But Mr. Wilson's history is not concerned with these details. He moves steadily on towards the noble stoicism with which Mme. Roland met her fate, and the exhibition of the love which she bore towards Buzot without betraying her husband. This last situation is one to which we are tolerably well accustomed in the virtuous French novel. It only moves a languid sympathy in the breast of the phlegmatic Englishman. Few of Mr. Wilson's readers will view it with the reverential awe which he does his best to inspire.

His search for historical dramas has led him also to tell the miserable tale of "Struensee and Queen Caroline Mathilde." It is a story absolutely unrelied by any spark of nobility or genuine passion on the part of any one concerned. A historian would pass it by as merely concerned with vulgar licentiousness. But Mr. Wilson tells it in all its details, and ends by saying:—

The story itself, which we have just essayed to tell with all its dramatic

incidents, with its contrasts of character, with its baseness, its weakness and its sorrows, with that full revolution of Fortune's wheel which leads to such a terrible catastrophe, is, indeed, a striking drama of history.

We can only say that its characters and incidents are utterly ignoble, and that a drama cannot be constructed out of ignoble elements.

In the essay on "Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia," we have a suspicion that Mr. Wilson was disappointed in his subject when once he had started upon it. He is perpetually apologizing that his characters are "thin." He cannot make much out of them with the best intentions. They will not become picturesque in any high degree. But Mr. Wilson keeps all the picturesqueness he can. He has read Mr. Gardiner in some passages. But in the character which he himself gives of James I. he cannot afford to lose the traditional booby and coward. So far as he is concerned Ranke and Gardiner have written in vain. Pictorial history cannot consent to part with the good old conventional dresses which have brought down the house for many a year.

Of course a book of historical essays would not nowadays be complete without one that dealt with the Renaissance. Mr. Wilson has chosen "Lucrezia Borgia" for his theme, and has made free use of Herr Gregorovius to supply him with materials, though he refuses to accept Herr Gregorovius's conclusion that Lucrezia is a lady whose reputation has unduly suffered from scandal. We are not concerned with the defence of Herr Gregorovius; but he has certainly met with harsh treatment at Mr. Wilson's hands. Mr. Wilson corrects Herr Gregorovius by reference to Guicciardini, whom he terms "the quaint, though long-winded, old historian." He does not seem to have realized that Gregorovius professes to go behind the literary historians of the sixteenth century and consider what was the origin of their information. There is no doubt that the current account of Lucrezia Borgia rests on the authority of Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Paulus Giovius, and the rest. There is no doubt that their account represents a very widespread belief in Italy at the time. But Herr Gregorovius asks, What did that belief rest on, and was its source a credible one? His position is that the rumours against Lucrezia all sprang from the mouth of her divorced husband, Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro. As the divorce was effected against Giovanni's will, on grounds which were disgraceful to him, and as it necessitated the restoration of his wife's dowry, he did his utmost to prevent it, and avenged himself freely for it afterwards. The examination of this position would involve a good deal of sifting of evidence, and Mr. Wilson may be pardoned for not undertaking the task. But it is scarcely fair to refute a man on general grounds of probability when his case rests on a specific argument.

We were wrong in saying that Mr. Wilson quotes only Guicciardini on his side. He tells us something about a writer whom he calls "Burkard." His own spelling of his name was "Burchard," and we never saw him robed of an A before; but that is a detail. Mr. Wilson says of him:—

Burkard's diary is written with ultra-Tacitus-like brevity and condensation; and is cold, brief, and unimpassioned. . . . To my fancy, he always writes in a kind of haggard dread, glancing uneasily over his shoulder, and trembling at a noise in the wall, or at the hint of a coming step. He must well have known the danger of his occupation; and the character of his work shows us that he did realize the nature of the peril.

This is a fine picture of the horrors of Alexander VI.'s Court. Caesar Borgia's assassins were prowling everywhere. The terrified master of the ceremonies, impelled by a resistless love for truth, sat cowering in his chamber, and trembled as he wrote in the style of Tacitus words that were meant to burn under an affectation of coldness. As a matter of fact, Burchard's successor, Paris de Grassis, tells us that he was a plethoric German, sorely given to eating and drinking, a man of unrestrained tongue, and a pedantic tyrant over his subordinates. His diary is one of the most tedious, inflated, long-winded, and pretentious productions that man ever wrote. Mr. Wilson's descriptions of the diary and its author are alike the product of his own fancy. He has fallen into the pitfalls which beset the dramatic writer of history.

It is only fair that Mr. Wilson should give his own views of history. He writes:—

The great historian, resembling in that respect the poet or the dramatist, must, when depicting a personage, create a character. The hints of history are the equivalents of the suggestions of imagination. The historian must see clearly both outside and inside the person that he would portray, and must combine into an art-whole the complete portraiture, round and finished, of the hero or heroine of history. This task is the duty of every true historian, but it can, necessarily, be discharged but by few, since, to fulfil it satisfactorily, requires qualities which nearly rival those of the poet or creator.

If history dealt only with heroes and heroines no doubt this would be true; and Mr. Wilson seems to think that heroes and heroines are all that is necessary. To judge from his own book we should say that he found heroines more to his taste than heroes. But surely heroes and heroines are better done in novels than in history. Mr. Wilson praises Carlyle's character of Cromwell as the best work that has ever been done in English history, and puts Mr. Froude's Mary Queen of Scots second. Many readers might urge that they preferred Scott's rendering of these characters to either Carlyle's or Mr. Froude's. We do not see how Mr. Wilson could answer them. If their imagination was satisfied, if the measure of their capacity for psychological interest was duly filled, the work of "the creator," as Mr. Wilson calls him, would have been accomplished.

Mr. Wilson looks upon history as a series of entertaining memoirs. This view has been too long a hindrance to the progress of historical literature. History is not primarily concerned with a man's character, but with his actions and their results upon human progress. The judgments of history are intellectual rather than moral. Emotion and sympathy must be subordinated to a just estimate of the accomplished fact. He is the greatest historian who has the largest and fullest knowledge of the time about which he writes, who best appreciates its problems and its difficulties, and who is least led astray by personal sympathies from a clear conception of the abiding results of its manifold activity.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

M R. BICKLEY half excuses himself for writing another Life of George Fox by laying stress on the fact that previous biographies have not brought out into sufficient prominence his aim as a social reformer. His book is none the less readable and pleasant because he has not, any more than those who have preceded him in the same path, confined himself to this view. It is, in fact, impossible to write a Life of George Fox without making his career as a religious teacher the backbone of the narrative. Accordingly, this new Life follows pretty closely the lines of the immortal "Journal," with the aid of some well-known histories of Quakerism; and carries us through the familiar scenes of his visions and his mysticism, his journeys and his preachings, his many trials and his few triumphs, his sincerity and his simplicity, and his (seemingly) occasional affectation.

His doctrine of the equality of all men was the inevitable corollary of the fundamental tenet of Quakerism, that the Divine Light shines alike in all men, and, superior to the teaching of Church and Bible, enables them to "prove all things." As a preacher of Christ and of equality he was the precursor of the Christian Socialists of this century, though the ground taken by the earlier and later teachers was not quite the same. But, added to other causes of offence, it is easy to see how it further increased the exasperation against the new evangel. There was, indeed, hardly a religious sect, a political party, or a social class, whose interests, feelings, or habits he did not attack, or criticize, or provoke. Itself an outgrowth of Puritanism, Quakerism offended Presbyterians and Independents by assailing the institution of a paid ministry; it outraged the established clergy by deriding their liturgy and sacramental forms; soldiers despised a religion which forbade fighting, and lawyers hated one that denounced litigation; the rich instinctively scented Communism in the doctrine of equality, and the gay abhorred a creed which made it a sin to play a game at cards or ride a horse-race. Traders shrank from a moral teaching too strict for commercial profits, and even artisans and labourers were shrewd enough to see that if all the luxuries and pleasures of the rich were abolished many of their occupations would go with them. A religious and political propaganda which combined all these elements of opposition must have had a vital force in it to establish a powerful sect which has lasted for two centuries, and is not dead yet. Its secret of success lay in the inspiration of its founder and in the basis of truth which underlay his exaggeration and extravagance of expression. His fearlessness and purity of motive are on the surface of his career, but they are only the natural outcome of a spiritual nature and insight which enabled him to read wants, to kindle sympathies, and to create a new religion. In spite of his political aims, his genius was much more religious than political, as is seen by the history of his sect. Mr. Bickley has done his work well. There is enough of personal narrative in his book to satisfy personal interest, and a grasp of the tendencies and results of Fox's teaching comprehensive enough for thoughtful readers.

It is not often that a volume of sermons is issued with the imprimatur of a poet, but the impression made by these discourses of the Rev. Thomas Jones remains so vivid after fifteen years that Mr. Robert Browning accompanies their issue with a few words of gratitude and approval. The circumstance that gave Mr. Browning an opportunity of hearing Mr. Jones of Swansea is not the least interesting one connected with the book. For the pulpit eloquence which found sympathy with the poet was the eloquence of a man preaching in a foreign tongue. Mr. Jones was a Welsh Independent preacher and did not come to London till he was well advanced in middle life, but no word or

* *George Fox and the Early Quakers.* By A. C. Bickley. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1884.

The Divine Order; and other Sermons and Addresses. By the late Thomas Jones, of Swansea. London: William Isbister, Limited. 1884.

Sermons on Unusual Subjects. By J. M. McCulloch, D.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

The Words of Christ as Principles of Personal and Social Growth. By John Bascom. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1884.

The Gospel of Divine Humanity. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.

Introduction to the Study of Theology. By James Drummond, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Paulus Christifer; and other Sermons. By John Kay, D.D. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1884.

The Bedell Lecture for 1883—Revealed Religion expounded by its Relation to the Moral Being of God. By the Rt. Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1884.

idiom that we can find reveals his nationality. At the same time it is easy to see why such sermons attracted Mr. Browning. "The outpour of impetuous eloquence," aided by the effect of "clear-cut Celtic features" and Celtic mobility of expression and innate dramatic power, can only be faintly reproduced in print, but the orator is alive throughout the volume. If here and there redundancies and doubtful phrases offend the finer taste of sermon-hearers or readers, it must be remembered that a good many things have to be taken into consideration. A somewhat sterner editing would have removed most, if not all, of the defects which the "pious" zeal of the preacher's son has admitted, and which the mistake of sending verbatim reports to the press (the very thing which should have been avoided) has occasioned. With the small drawback of these occasional blemishes, the sermons may be unreservedly praised. As appeals to the feelings based on the revelation of Christ they are far above the average. It is indeed hard not to be carried away by the fervid nature of the speaker even as one reads. He has the first gift of a preacher, infinite command of illustration. No preacher can be popular, though he may be great, without it. Mr. Jones casts his net far and wide, and jumps across a continent, an ocean, and a millennium for fresh instance to shed light upon his point. To be critical, we should say he is rather persuasive than convincing. Assuming a truth, he can overpower you with reasons for accepting and acting upon it. But when the reader turns to such questions as the "Inspiration of Scripture," or "The Answer of the Church to the Scepticism of the Age," he will find a want of appreciation of the real difficulty of opponents, a kind of blindness to the real "crux" and the real remedy, and some want of thoroughness and definiteness in reply. But the sermons are fine Christian rhetoric.

Mr. McCulloch's *Sermons on Unusual Subjects* are another instance of a book with a misleading title. Out of nearly 350 pages only 164 are devoted to sermons; the rest of the volume is filled with a memoir of the writer, with a treatise on the prophecies in the Pentateuch, and with about fifty pages of prayers for various occasions; nor do the subjects of most of the sermons strike us as unusual. The subjects which the writer considered most unusual are probably "epidemics" and "juvenile mortality," and these sermons are about the best in the book. They are sensible, manly addresses, and bring out the moral aspect of physical care in a way that would be impressive to most congregations. We owe the writer thanks also for emphasizing the distinction between Christ's care of the sick, and his abstention from relieving poverty by any miraculous intervention, for the miracles of the loaves are of course no exception to this truth. His argument is a distinct support to the truer ideas of charity now prevailing. On the whole the reader will be favourably impressed with these sermons. If there are no flights of eloquence or deep touches of human nature, there is an earnest piety, sturdy conviction, and the courage of his convictions in the writer which make their mark; and there is evidence of a good deal of genuine study in his commentary on the Pentateuch. His realism sometimes leads him into little errors of taste, as when he says to his hearers, "Balk the hopes of the apostate host (of angels) and gladden the hearts of the holy ones. Balk the former and gladden the latter," &c., and his prayers only illustrate once more the almost insuperable difficulty of this kind of composition. But the book, on the whole, as a record of a man rather than a volume of sermons, leaves an impression of a wise and kindly one, whom it would have been good to know.

Mr. Bascom is a philosopher, as is evident from his treatment of his subject and from the published list of his previous works. His point is that, even granting that the historical facts of the Gospels are beyond positive proof, the real redemptive forces of the world are not thereby altered. The redemption of society does not depend on the exact way in which spiritual truth has been brought to us, but on the truth itself, on living present principles finding their way into the thoughts, hearts, and actions of men; and this truth and these principles are to be found in the words of Christ as recorded in the Gospels. He disclaims the implication that he has any light estimate of historic proof, but he waives it, and, by the help of the "spiritual personality of Christ" before his eyes, tries to explain many things, and "crowd outward to the horizon" those things which he cannot explain. He takes his place, that is, at the positive instead of at the negative pole in his attempt to appraise the value of revelation to mankind. The ten essays which make up this volume are, with three exceptions—namely, those on the law of love, of truth, and of consecration—not on any special principles, still less on any definite utterances, but on the general character and results of the Saviour's teaching. They are severely philosophical discussions, and the first three, in which the writer bases the force of Christ's words on the personality of their appeal, on their irresistible address to the reason, and on the natural prevalence of innate spiritual ideas, reveal the capacity of seeing harmonies and contrasts which is characteristic of the philosophic mind.

The anonymous author of *The Gospel of Divine Humanity: a Reconsideration of Christian Doctrine in the Light of a General Principle*, sufficiently indicates what the general principle is by the shorter title of his work. God is in man and man is in God from and to all eternity. Man, no less than the Son of Man, is "begotten from everlasting of the Father," and the Son of Man is the Son of God in virtue of His being the representative of humanity. The writer passes in review before him the whole process of revelation, starting from his central principle of the divinity of man and

(so to speak) the humanity of God, shrinking from none of the difficulties of such questions as the Fall, Liberty and Necessity, Miracle, and the Atonement, till his treatise ends where revelation culminates in Christian ethics, as its result and final cause. His book is an illustration of the tendency to disengage revelation from religion, to regard all religions as more or less partial and imperfect presentations of revelation, and Christianity, though immeasurably the nearest approach to perfection, as still failing to express the whole truth. "The increasing scepticism of the day," he says, "is not so much a sign of antagonism to religion" as a protest against an imperfect presentation of it. This is one cause of infidelity, and the other is that "Christians are condemned as coming short of their own standard of ethical life." His examination of the vast topics which he discusses leads him here and there to conclusions which will surprise but not offend the most reverent reader; for the surprise will be mainly that the thought has not occurred before, or the result not been foreseen. He assumes throughout an attitude rather of aggression than of defence—e.g. he affirms that an infidel philosophy is impossible because a belief in God is the *sine quâ non* of all thought; and he asks the believer in necessity, who calls himself a Freethinker, how he can call himself a "Freethinker" when thought is as much determined by the antecedents of the subject as its resulting words and deeds.

Mr. Drummond has been perfectly honest with his readers in the title of his book. It is an "introduction" to the study of theology and nothing more. He has bound up a course of lectures delivered to the students of Manchester New College, and only students who want guidance in their choice of subjects or of books will find it of much use or interest. A book of course must not be judged without reference to its purpose, and this one, regarded only as a help to students, may be considered as successful, because it is a compact summary of what they ought to know and where they will find the knowledge. It is, in truth, so highly condensed as to be of little interest to the general reader, and, if the lectures were delivered at the usual pace, the students of the Manchester College will probably find out from its pages for the first time what their professor has been talking about to them. It is evidence enough of the charge of congestion that in a small volume of about 250 pages he covers the whole ground of speculative, Biblical, ecclesiastical, systematic, and practical theology, so far as giving hints and aids to the student for their study can cover it. Mental philosophy is dismissed in four pages, ethical philosophy in less than one, religious philosophy in less than two, and the author's treatment of doctrinal theology is a skeleton. He has not made "the dry bones live"; perhaps this was not his intention, but he has written a useful guide-book, by which the student will be enabled to grasp his subject, and to group its constituent parts into an organic whole, and the book throughout is penetrated by a liberal and reverent spirit.

Dr. Kay's *Paulus Christifer* is a disappointing volume of sermons. Only the first sermon has anything to do with the title; the second is about Nehemiah. Yet the idea was a good one, pregnant enough for a whole course of sermons. There are other ways in which the author does not fulfil his promise, for there is a considerable flourish of trumpets about his book. Poetical mottoes are prefixed to every sermon; and the titles of them given in the table of contents, for some reason called "Index," are almost all in Latin. Then the pages are sprinkled with rather commonplace quotations, chiefly verse, and disfigured with redundant italics and capitals; the author's personality is far too frequently obtruded on the reader, and we cannot say that we have discovered in the sermons we have read depth or originality enough to atone for these errors of taste. Even a Scotch preacher might be able to quote Burns without saying, "Poor Burns! I could almost weep when I think of his great genius and of his sensuous nature."

The *Bedell Lecture*, a sort of American "Bampton," was founded in June 1880 by G. T. Bedell and Julia Bedell, who by deed and gift made over 5,000 dollars to the Board of Trustees of Ohio and Kenyon College, of which the interest was to be paid every two years to the writer of a lecture or lectures "on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, or on the Relations of Science and Religion." Bishop Cotterill was last year appointed preacher, and his three lectures were read by the President of the College. The subject chosen, presumably by himself, is the title of his book, and he has treated it under three heads, discussed in the same number of lectures. In Lecture I., "On the Fundamental Principle of the Science of Theology," in which he contends for the practical value of theology as a real science, he maintains that not "the Fatherhood of God," but the love of God, is the foundation truth of the Christian faith. The second lecture, "On the Relation of this Principle to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity," is devoted to showing that a belief in the Son is a necessary corollary from the doctrine that God is Love, for otherwise "there cannot possibly be any other perfectly worthy object of God's love, which, like all love, demands a worthy object and reciprocity."

The need of a belief in the Holy Spirit is involved in the same truth, for He it is who forms the union between God and our spirits, and is the means by which we are assured of God's love for us, and ours for Him finds its satisfaction in spiritual fellowship. The third lecture, on the Redemption as the complete exponent of the principle that love is the being of God, is naturally the most interesting and important. We seem to have passed

from the "absolute" to the "conditioned" on arriving at it. The work, if not a powerful or original, is an essentially devout and thoughtful treatise on a difficult subject; and though it may not satisfy all objectors (its answers to objections at the end of the volume seem to us the weakest part of the book), it will interest and edify the Christian reader.

STANFORD'S LONDON GOVERNMENT MAPS.*

THE questions raised by Sir William Harcourt's Bill give great interest and value to the portfolio of maps which is before us. It contains in all five different arrangements, so to speak, of London and its suburbs. First we have the "Municipal Districts." This map shows the boundaries of the jurisdiction of the Board of Works, with the parishes, districts, and extra-parochial places, including the City, coloured according to the first schedule of the Bill. It is accompanied by letterpress referring to the schedules of the "Metropolis Management Act" of 1855, and gives the numbers of the members elected to the Common Council, the parochial vestries, and the district Boards. The amount of information here compressed into a small space is enormous, and the map itself is admirably clear. Even such little places as the Liberty of Glasshouse Yard, with less than two hundred houses, or the detached part of St. Clement Danes on which the Lyceum Theatre stands, are clearly distinguished. This map takes in the "Hamlet of Penge," originally an outlying district of the parish of Battersea, which is included in the jurisdiction of the Board of Works, although it is not represented in any borough, and is outside the tables of mortality. The futility of the present Bill is abundantly illustrated. Penge, for instance, which we have just named, and which is close to the corporate town of Croydon, and even for some purposes united to it, is to become part of a totally different corporate system, and be united, not with its natural neighbour Croydon, nor yet especially with its ancient connexion Battersea, but with a vast overgrown city, stretching its unwieldy bulk from the neighbourhood of the township of Erith on one side to that of Richmond on the other. It is not easy, looking at this map, to understand on what principles the schedules are framed. Is not Acton as much a part of London as Clapton or Upper Holloway? Is not Chiswick a mere continuation of Hammersmith? Who can tell, during a drive along the western road, at what particular house or corner we shall pass out of the new city into the diminished country? There is no break in the continuity of the street. That part of Woolwich which lies on the left, or north, bank of the Thames is to be in the great city; but Canning Town and Stratford and Lower Leyton, which lie much nearer, are to be left out. Upper Norwood, which is only six miles from Charing Cross, is to be excluded; but Anerley, which is seven and a half miles, is taken in. So, too, Kilburn, three miles and a half from Charing Cross and connected with it by a continuous line of houses, is to be left out; and Hampstead Heath, which is five miles off, and has no houses, is to be included. These anomalies may perhaps be remedied; but others as great will occur. Though at present Windsor and St. Albans, and other corporate towns, are not connected as suburbs with London, the time is not far distant when they will be as much so as Greenwich or Stoke Newington. If this centralizing policy is to be pursued to its logical end, the Bill must be made elastic, so as to include new places as they become populous. What Sir William Harcourt does now must be done again and again by future Home Secretaries; and it is conceivable, if unlikely, that all England will eventually become London, and the new Common Council become greater than the Lower House of Parliament.

The other maps in Mr. Stanford's handy portfolio may be briefly enumerated. Number 2 shows the districts of the Water Companies, the areas being differently coloured according as each is supplied by the New River, the West Middlesex, the Grand Junction, the Chelsea, the East London, the Southwark and Vauxhall, the Lambeth, or the Kent Company. A similar map gives us the Gas Companies' districts. The fourth map is one of the most interesting. It "shows very graphically the immense area of Suburban London within the Metropolitan boundary that is excluded from the borough franchise." This is a matter rather for the promised Redistribution Bill than for that of Sir William Harcourt. The last map gives the jurisdiction of the Poor-law Unions and Registration Districts. "The Registration Districts are co-extensive with the Poor Law Unions, except that the Poor Law Unions of Paddington and Kensington form the Registration District of Kensington."

It is difficult to resist the fascination of a volume of maps like these. Hours may be spent, and not altogether unprofitably, in poring over it. Each variation in the straightness of a boundary-line has its place, whether known or unknown, in the history of the past; and in London such landmarks are of surpassing interest. But it is rather the political than the topographical meaning of the maps before us that lends importance to them. Whether Sir William Harcourt's Bill becomes law or not, the statement of the question made by Mr. Stanford in this handsome portfolio will remain of abiding usefulness.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

DR. BRADLEY'S excellent work on Latin Prose is intended for the use of undergraduates and boys in the upper forms of public schools, and as a sequel to his revised edition of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*. It is a very much more satisfactory piece of work than its predecessor, and seems to us to be in many respects more valuable than any of the same kind now in use. It supposes some previous knowledge of the ordinary rules of Latin syntax, and its object is to teach the student to write good idiomatic Latin prose. Dr. Bradley, or his editor, Mr. Papillon, reverses—wisely, as we think—the usual order of things in teaching Latin prose, and begins with a chapter on the order of words and clauses. Here the distinction between English and Latin order is admirably enforced and a good foundation is laid for a right understanding of the construction of the Latin period. Not the least valuable part of this as of other chapters in the book consists of the examples. Here we have two passages—one from Cicero, the other from Livy—set down side by side with English paraphrases of them, to show the differences in idiom between the two languages. This chapter is followed by one on the use and meaning of words and metaphors, and by others on the use of substantives and of adverbs in Latin and English. After these follow the tenses and moods and the various kinds of dependent clauses. Everything is stated with admirable clearness, and we have only two criticisms to offer. Dr. Bradley lays himself open to a charge of excessive subtlety in his treatment of the imperfect subjunctive in conditional sentences when he renders on p. 130, "*Si hoc diceres errares*" "Had you been saying this (now) you would have been (now) in the wrong." One objection to this rendering is that it is not English, another that it can only puzzle learners. Our second point concerns the English rather than the Latin language. It relates to the manner of translating *quum* with the historical tenses of the subjunctive. Dr. Bradley lays stress, of course rightly, on the fact that the conjunction here implies "that the relation between the main fact and the circumstances mentioned was in some respect closer than that of mere priority or nearness of time." He goes on to say that when a sentence begins with *que quum audisset Caesar*, "no careful scholar will translate such a *quum* by 'when'" (p. 114). This is as much as to say that the English "when" never implies any other than a purely temporal relation, which is scarcely true. What, to take the first example that occurs to us, does Dr. Bradley say to "When they heard these things they were cut to the heart" in the seventh chapter of the Acts? Surely this is exactly equivalent to *que quum audivissent*. We notice at p. 151 a statement which may cause misapprehension. "The indicative," we are here told, "must be absolutely banished from any passage in *oratio obliqua*." This seems to overlook the peculiar use of *dum* with the present indicative, which, however, is fully explained in a previous chapter. At p. 171 we find it stated that "*memini* is used with the present indicative." Of course "indicative" is a misprint for "infinitive."

The exercises of which the latter part of the book consists are of two kinds—short sentences illustrating the various sections of the introduction, and English passages to be turned into Latin prose. The notes are of the right kind. Instead of giving direct information, they refer the student to those sections of the introduction which will help him to work out an idiomatic version for himself. We should not forget to draw attention to the admirable "specimen lecture on Latin prose composition" which closes the introduction. In this chapter several passages of English are translated into Latin, every step in the process being explained. No method of teaching could be more instructive than this, and the value of the lesson is increased by the fact that some of the English passages are versions of extracts from the best Latin authors, and are of course put back into their original language.

Mr. Graves in his preface anticipates the objection which most teachers will probably make to his book by suggesting that "possibly too much annotation has been given." He adds in justification that "twenty years' experience in teaching Greek

* *Aids to Writing Latin Prose. With Exercises.* By G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Edited and arranged by T. L. Papillon, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. London : Rivingtons.

The Fourth Book of Thucydides. Edited, with Notes, by C. E. Graves, M.A., Classical Lecturer and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London : Macmillan & Co.

The Rise of the Athenian Empire. From Thucydides, Book I. Edited, for the use of Beginners, by F. H. Colson, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London : Macmillan & Co.

Homer's Iliad. Book I. Edited, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. John Bond, M.A., Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and A. S. Walpole, M.A., late Scholar of Worcester College, Oxford. London : Macmillan & Co.

Select Fables of Phaedrus. Edited, for the use of Schools, by A. S. Walpole, M.A. London : Macmillan & Co.

Cicero—De Senectute and De Amicitia. Edited, with Notes, by Walter Heslop, M.A., late Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. Oxford : Clarendon Press.

Horace—Odes. Book III. Edited, with Notes, by T. E. Page, M.A., Assistant-Master of Charterhouse. London : Macmillan & Co.

Latin Passages, adapted for Practice in Unseen Translation. For the use of Middle and Upper Forms of Schools. By J. Y. Sargent, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford. London : Rivingtons.

First Lessons in Latin. By K. Macaulay Ellice, B.A., Assistant-Master in the Oundle School. London : Macmillan & Co.

has shown me that the most ordinary grammatical principles are again and again disregarded even by many candidates for classical honours." This is perfectly true, and against Mr. Graves's grammatical notes we have nothing to urge; they are so sound and useful that some little superfluity may be easily pardoned. But this justification does not cover his worst, and indeed his only real, offence as an editor—the frequency with which he translates words and passages which boys should be left to work out for themselves. There is no necessity for them to be told, for instance, that *εἰς οἴκον* means "homewards," and *λιγυρία* a "piratical boat"; are they not written in *Liddell and Scott*? Why, too, should boys be deprived of the very gentle exercise of ingenuity necessary to discover that *χειρ στόρπα* is Greek for "grappling iron"? Such translations become less frequent in the latter part of the book, and their presence in the earlier portion seems to be explained, though it is not excused, by the fact that Mr. Graves has previously edited the first forty-one chapters for purposes of more elementary teaching. We fancy that Mr. Graves himself would be rather surprised if he took the trouble to count the number of lines which he has translated in the harangue of Demosthenes to his soldiers at Pylos, for example, or the speech of the Lacedaemonian envoys at Athens. Nor are Mr. Graves's translations always quite happy. "From fear of dashing of oars and terribleness of ships rushing to land" seems a somewhat lame rendering of *φόβῳ ροθίον καὶ νέῳ δεινόγρος καράλου*. In the interpretation of really difficult passages Mr. Graves strikes us as being decidedly successful. He inclines generally to common-sense explanations rather than to strained applications of grammatical rules. Thus in the much-disputed passage in ch. 126, "οἵ γε μηδὲ ἀπὸ πολεμῶν τοιών τῆκε, ἐν αἷς οὐ πολλοὶ δίγιον ἀρχοντοί, ἀλλὰ πλειόνων μᾶλλον ἔλαστοις," he rejects the very harsh explanation which limits the negative force of *μηδέ* to *τοιών των*, and gives what we feel to be the true account of the matter, that "the speaker forgets that he has already cast his statement in a negative form." In a smaller point, the meaning of *ἀπορόατοι* in the account of the attack on Sphacteria in ch. 32, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Graves, who translates the word "the worst provided," which gets rid of the difficulty presented by the article if we adopt the usual rendering, "hardest to deal with." We can only just refer to a note on the difficult passage, *τῶν μὲν στρέπεσθαι—κραγήσιν*, near the end of ch. 117, and to others at pp. 153 and 243, the former on relative frequency of the forms *Ἄθηνας*, *Ἄθηνθεν*, and *ἐς τὰς Ἄθηνας*, *ἐκ τῶν Ἄθηνῶν*; the latter on some uses of *ὡς*. Historical notes are not very frequent; but Mr. Graves does his best to vindicate the action of Cleon and of the Athenian people generally in the affair of Sphacteria. One or two good maps would be a valuable addition to the volume. It seems slightly ridiculous to refer boys, as Mr. Graves does in p. 188, to "the map in Arnold's edition"; but perhaps the blame for this deficiency should fall on the publisher rather than on the editor. On the whole, the edition is a decidedly good one; and we may echo the hope which Mr. Graves not very confidently expresses that this book may be followed by others.

Mr. Colson's selection from the First Book of Thucydides is a more elementary work than Mr. Graves's; but it is better fitted for its purpose. The notes are short enough to be read willingly by boys, while they give all necessary help. We particularly like Mr. Colson's frequent use of the interrogative form of note, which leaves the boy to find out things for himself, while it draws his attention to those points on which questions are likely to be asked by his form-master. We must protest against the absurdity of the theory that a boy who is sufficiently advanced to read Thucydides needs the assistance of a special vocabulary. We suspect that Mr. Colson shares our views on this point. He states in his preface that he has added a vocabulary "at the request of the publishers," and goes on to say that he has not given full geographical and biographical information, because "fifth-form boys may be assumed to have an atlas and a classical dictionary." Apparently fifth-form boys may not be assumed to have a lexicon, or the power of using one if they had it. The carefully-compiled appendix contains, among other useful matter, a list of Greek idioms contained in the selection, and twenty passages for Greek prose based on the text. This excellent method of fixing in the mind some of the lessons to be learned from the study of a classical author has been far too little used by teachers. Mr. Colson has done this, which is by no means the easiest part of his task, extremely well. He shows considerable ingenuity in making connected stories out of his materials, and his sentences, besides serving the purpose for which they are intended, may suggest to teachers who have not yet tried this method how to frame for themselves similar examples from other authors. We have seldom met with a better elementary edition of a classical author, and we have no desire

Θρηνῶν ἐπορθάς πρὸς τομῶντι πάματι

—an evil which a penknife will cure.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole present the unusual spectacle of editors who have profited by the advice of reviewers. "In deference to criticisms," they tell us, "on our similar edition of the First Book of the Odyssey, the notes have been simplified by the omission of many which would be of use to the more advanced student rather than to the beginner." We gladly acknowledge the decided superiority of the present to the previous work. The notes are short and to the point, and are not overloaded with grammatical technicalities. We observe that Messrs. Bond and

Walpole cannot even now altogether resist the charms of that blessed word "exegetic"; but it and its fellows appear very rarely. If a vocabulary is ever to be admitted, there is nowhere so good an excuse for its presence as in a volume intended to introduce young boys to Homer. There is an introduction on Homeric forms and syntax, which, for some reason or other, contains several constructions not exclusively Homeric and a brief statement of the Homeric question. It is surely a mistake to put anything of the kind before boys so young as to need the assistance of a special vocabulary.

Mr. Walpole's *Select Fables of Phædrus* will make an excellent reading-book for little boys after a short course of detached sentences. It is on the same plan as an edition of Eutropius which appeared in the same series about a year ago. To the text and notes are added English-Latin exercises on each fable, and the words in the vocabulary are arranged each under the number of the fable in which it first occurs. This is no doubt a good plan for helping young children to acquire a vocabulary early; an inducement to learn words carefully is added by the labour involved in looking up a forgotten word in the index, and then being referred to the section of the vocabulary in which it occurs. Teachers will be grateful to Mr. Walpole for giving them a book which will enable them to supersede the *delectus* as early as possible. It is a pity that so useful a little volume should give any ground for fault-finding, but we cannot help noticing this as a rather ludicrous instance of the prevalent mania for writing introductions to school books. What is the use of telling boys of nine or ten that *Phædrus* "makes the iambic line an apt means of expression," or that "his style often lacks life and the moralist is often too obtrusive"?

Mr. Heslop has added one to the number of editions of the two dialogues of Cicero which are perhaps more frequently set than any other classical works as subjects for competitive examination. Without making any pretence to originality, Mr. Heslop's work is decidedly superior to most editions that we have seen of the *De Senectute* and *De Amicitia*, and is not unworthy of a place in the excellent series to which it belongs. Some information is given for which we should prefer to send students to books of reference, but this feature will probably be a recommendation in the eyes of the large number of candidates who have to get up the dialogues without the assistance of a teacher. Mr. Heslop does not strike us as being very happy in translation. At p. 94, and again at p. 113, will be found very clumsy renderings in which no attempt is made to break up the ponderous Latin periods into idiomatic English sentences. We are glad to find among the notes short summaries of the subject-matter. The introduction is devoted mainly to an account of the various characters in the dialogues.

Volumes of Mr. Page's edition of the Odes of Horace appear with bewildering frequency, but we fancy that each of the four books has now come out in a small red volume without a vocabulary, and in a smaller blue volume with a vocabulary. The notes differ but little from those contained in the edition of all four books which was published last year; we notice, however, that one or two slips have been corrected.

Mr. Sargent's reputation as a Latin scholar will of itself be enough to recommend his selection of passages in Latin prose to such teachers as may desire to have a volume of pieces ready chosen for unseen translation. The last few passages, printed in capitals, are, we suppose, intended to prepare the pupil for reading inscriptions and uncial MSS.

It must by this time be rather difficult for the authors of first Latin books to find suitable titles still unappropriated. Mr. Eicke's work closely resembles many others that we have seen. Its plan is good. Mr. Eicke begins very properly with the verb instead of the noun, and goes on administering small doses of verb, noun, and adjective until all the declensions and the indicative mood, active and passive, of the four conjugations of regular verbs have been exhibited. The personal pronouns and one or two conjunctions, such as *autem* and *quidem*, are also given. Mr. Eicke's explanations of the simple rules of accidence and syntax are clear enough; but for young beginners no explanations are of much use except those given orally by the teacher. The exercises appended to each chapter will be useful to those teachers who do not adopt the best of all possible methods—that of making their exercises for themselves.

SHORT STORIES.

At first sight it is not a little curious to note that here in England, where fiction flourishes most abundantly, and where there are many masters of the art of novel-writing, the art of writing Short Stories is neglected. We print Short Stories because a Short Story worthy of the name is something more than a story that is short. The Short Story, properly and technically so called, is a work of art of a distinct kind, and the writing of Short Stories is a distinct department of literary art. It is greatly to be regretted that there is no exact name for this department of the art of fiction; and it is no consolation to recall the fact that there is also no English name for the analogous department of the art of poetry. To describe, even inadequately, *vers de société*—in the writing of which, however, no nation has ever surpassed the English—we are obliged to employ a French phrase. Like *vers de société*, the Short Story seems easy to write, and is very difficult. And there is yet another likeness between the

vers de société and the Short Story—it is easier to declare what they are not than it is to say precisely what they are. The first thing which we may declare emphatically is that the Short Stories must not be precisely what most of the short stories written in England unfortunately are; the Short Story must not be a little bit out of a big story. It must not seem to be an episode from a longer tale; it must not be even an episode which could go into a longer tale. In other words, it must be not only simple and rounded and complete in itself, but it must somehow suggest that it would wholly lose its charm if it were grafted on a longer work. Then the Short Story demands an originality which we do not ask from the novel. We are satisfied if the novel reflects life; we like to see in a novel a reflex of the variety of existence, but we accept with pleasure in a novel a sequence of events devoted to the development and exhibition of a single character from the cradle to the grave. The Short Story excludes the mere picture of life, not only because it is too brief to convey an adequate portrait of even a small section of human existence, but because its aim is other than the depicting of life. Of course, the Short Story may give a picture of life incidentally, but that is not at all its aim. And while the chief qualification of a novelist may be the felicity with which he depicts life, the chief qualities of the writer of Short Stories must be ingenuity, originality, and compression, three qualities a good novelist may be and often is without. If, in addition, the writer of Short Stories has a touch of fantasy, so much the better. But the one absolutely indispensable quality is ingenious originality. And, therefore, the two greatest writers of the genuine Short Story have been Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe.

"Spirited narrative, without more than a touch of dialogue here and there, may be made eminently interesting, and is suited to the novelette," says George Eliot in her posthumous essay on "Story-Telling"; and she adds that "examples of its charm are seen in the short tales in which the French have a mastery never reached by the English, who usually demand coarser flavours than are given by that delightful gaiety which is well described by La Fontaine as not anything that provokes fits of laughter, but a certain charm, an agreeable mode of handling, which lends attractiveness to all subjects, even the most serious." The true Short Story is wholly unlike the novelette, which we understand to be but a shorter and slighter novel, not differing in kind from its big brother. The French words *conte* and *nouvelle* may be taken as indicating, or at least suggesting, this difference in kind between the genuine Short Story and the tale which passes as such in English magazines merely because it is short. The *conte* is the true Short Story, while the *nouvelle* is the anecdote or episode enlarged and amplified as we see it every month in the pages of popular magazines. Most of the stories in Mr. James Payn's *High Spirits*, light and lively and amusing as they are, cannot be considered true Short Stories; they are essentially anecdotic; they are, in short, *nouvelles*, and not *contes*. But the collection of *Tales from Blackwood* contains many Short Stories, some of them of a high order of merit; and two of the greatest successes of the past two years—Mr. Anstey's *Vice Versa* and Mr. Hugh Conway's *Called Back*—are truly Short Stories, in spite of their length; they contain each a genuine Short Story idea. And so does Mr. Besant's *Case of Mr. Lucraft*, although that too is perhaps longer than a Short Story should be. Mr. Frederick Locker, in the preface to his admirable volume of selected *vers de société*, which he had to call by a Latin name, *Lyra Elegantiarum*, for want of an English one, says that Pope's *Rape of the Lock* would be the typical specimen of *vers de société* if it were not so long. So we may say that *Vice Versa*, *Called Back*, and the *Case of Mr. Lucraft* might, any one of them, be taken as a typical Short Story if it were not a little too long. Compression is needed almost as much as ingenuity and originality—compression not merely in the telling of the story, but also in the style of the writer. No digression is tolerable; the construction must at least seem simple and obvious; and the style must be direct and vigorous, however subtle it may be in suggestion. Merimée, a master of style, found in the Short Story the form of literature which precisely suited him. But Merimée was always tortured by the fleeting hope of getting a quart into a pint pot; he carried compression to the nth. Turgenev, who had a marvellous knowledge of the things which might be left out, was another master of the Short Story. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian began their literary career with a volume of Short Stories, full of an ingenious originality not to be seen at all in their later and better known novels; and some of the earlier sketches—"L'Esquisse Mysterieuse," for example—reveal great skill in the suggestion of the supernatural. The *contes* of M. Alphonse Daudet are too well known to need more than mention here, the more especially as they are, for the most part, rather sketches or studies for larger fictions than true Short Stories. The *contes* of M. François Coppée, as frankly a poet in his prose as in his verse, more nearly approach the ideal, although they, too, are lacking a little in the fantasy and in the striking originality which is the characteristic of the best Short Stories. But for the *contes* of two other poets who also write in prose, M. Jean Richepin and M. Guy de Maupassant, no excuse need be made. There are in the very remarkable and peculiar collection of tales which fully justify their odd title, *Les Morts Bizarres*, several stories uniting the requisite qualities of originality, ingenuity, and fantasy as completely as any one could wish; and one or two, notably "Le Chef-d'œuvre du Crime," have also unusual merit in the drawing of the chief character. In the *Mile, Fifé* of M. Guy de Maupassant, and in more than one other of the stories in his several collections

of *contes*, there are tales uniting the three qualities, and told with a sober and refreshing straightforwardness very stimulating when the writer does not, of malice prepense, descend to wallow in the mire of a self-styled *naturalisme*. Nor should we omit one of the latest volumes of French Short Stories, *Dans le Monde Officiel*, by M. Gaston Bergeret, two of the tales in which, "Les Événements de Pontax" and "Un Moment de Colère," may be recommended to all who like to see in union logic and fantasy, originality and ingenuity, as well as that "delightful gaiety" described by La Fontaine and praised by George Eliot.

Perhaps the best English Short Stories of late years are, as we have already said, the *Case of Mr. Lucraft* and *Vice Versa* and *Called Back*, and these were all deficient in the quality of compression, which is indispensable. *Called Back* had the further disadvantage of being secondarily, though not primarily, a love story. Now, the ideal Short Story—the Short Story as we have it from the hands of the great masters, Hawthorne and Poe—is not a love story at all. And here, indeed, is the great difference between the tale or *conte* which we have chosen, perhaps arbitrarily, to consider as the only true, genuine, and unadulterated Short Story, and the novel or the novelette, or the little fictions seen in English magazines, mere anecdotes or episodes out of non-existent novels. Love is the staple of the novel, and the novel must be a love story; but love is not needed in a Short Story, indeed it is generally in the way, and the best Short Stories are not love stories. It happens that the novel is the form of fiction which pays best in England, and therefore in England the man with a genius of story-telling takes to writing novels. In libraries and in magazines there is a demand for long fictions, and so we have serial stories and three-volume novels. There is only a slight demand for the real Short Story in English magazines, and there is no great sale for it when it is gathered together into a volume. So in England the born story-teller—and no other can write a good Short Story—recognizing the fact that the Short Story is quite as hard to write as the novel, and that the novel will bring quite twenty times the reward, writes the novel and leaves English readers to import their Short Stories or to get along without them as best they may. But in the United States these conditions do not obtain. In the United States the novelist is not forced into any Procrustean three volumes; he may be as long or as short as he pleases. And in the United States the serial story is not the chief concern of the editor of a popular magazine, and he does not term the rest of the periodical mere "padding." In an American magazine it is rather the serial story which is the "padding." We have seen the *Atlantic Monthly* without a serial story for three months at a time. But every number of every American magazine contains at least one Short Story. Of course all these Short Stories are not equally good, but there are a great many good Short Stories written in America. Most of the American novelists have learnt their trade as storytellers while working at Short Stories; and even after their reputation is made they return now and again to the briefer fiction. There are those who think Mr. Henry James's *Bundle of Letters* the best thing he ever wrote, as there are those who prefer Mr. Howells's most amusing dramatic sketch, *The Register*, before his longer and more analytic novels. The Short Stories of Mr. Bret Harte need no praise now; and the charming sketches of life in New Orleans contained in Mr. Cable's *Old Creole Days* were recently declared by a French critic writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to be second only to Mr. Bret Harte's. Considering strictly the limitations of the Short Story, we ourselves should hesitate to place even the *Outcasts of Poker Flat* much above *Jean-ah Poquelin*. Mr. Aldrich's *Margery Daw*, surely the most lovely and most lovable of all the impalpable heroines of fiction, and Mr. Hale's *Man without a Country*, a triumph of deceptive verisimilitude, are masterpieces of Short Story writing. Those who care to see just how good American work is in this department of fiction may be recommended to read *Little Classics*, a collection of the best English and American Short Stories, which includes several of the best and best known of the *Tales from Blackwood*. A later collection, now publishing in New York under the title of *Stories by American Authors*, is devoted wholly to tales of trans-Atlantic origin. In the four volumes which have already appeared there are a score or more of genuine Short Stories, in most of which originality, ingenuity, compression, and fantasy are united. Many readers of the *Century* magazine may recall one of the most tantalizing tales which it was ever their good fortune to read, Mr. Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger?"—a very conundrum of a Short Story. Mr. Stockton, who is well known to English readers as the author of the delightfully humorous *Rudder Grange* sketches, has just made a collection of his Short Stories and lighter essays in a little volume, called after his most famous tale, *The Lady or the Tiger?* (New York: Scribner, Edinburgh: David Douglas), in which he has also included "The Transferred Ghost" and its quaint sequel, "The Spectral Mortgage," two genuine Short Stories, full of a humorous fantasy as refreshing as it is uncommon, and free from any trace or taint of affectation or pretence. On "The Lady or the Tiger?" itself there is no need to dwell at length; those who know it have no doubt already formulated their own answer to the enigma propounded by the author, and are prepared to defend it to the death as the only possible solution, and those who do not know it had best make its acquaintance at once. This last piece of advice is not a little incendiary, we are afraid; for "The Lady or the Tiger?" is an apple of discord, certain to cause family discussion and dispute. Two other

of Mr. Stockton's tales deserve special mention—"His Wife's Decesed Sister," and the epigrammatic "Our Story," epigrammatic even in the surprise at the end, the sting in the tail of the honey-bee.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE title of M. Dejob's essay (1) may remind the scoffer of that famous work *Sur l'influence du bleu*, which holds no mean place in the history of books that have never been written. But M. Dejob knows quite well what he is about, and has produced a really interesting and ingenious essay (we do not intend by this phrase to guarantee all his facts or endorse all his opinions) which, it seems, is intended as usher to a history of the *siecle de Louis Quatorze*. His central position is that one main feature of the counter-Reformation was a deliberate attempt on the part of the Roman Church to recover the control over literature and art which had been lost by the carelessness of the later middle ages and the Pagan freaks of the Renaissance, and to show this control especially in the enforcement of external decency. A good deal of curious evidence is produced on this score. Certainly the author will have no difficulty (if this is his object) in showing how the external propriety of the *grand siecle* in France led to a tremendous reaction.

M. de Vogüé (2) has collected in a single volume three essays of merit on some points in Russian history. The first and longest deals with the tragic story of the Czarewitch Alexis, the next with Mazeppa, and the third with the curious change introduced into the complexion of Russian Court life and policy by Paul I. after the death of Catherine II. These essays are written without any attempt at brilliancy, but in a clear and suitable style. They show good judgment and ample information.

It is scarcely an ill compliment to M. Tissot to say that nobody goes to his books (especially when they are on German subjects) for exact and accurate information. Many people, however, go to him for amusement, which they are hardly likely to get in large measure out of his account of the Prussian secret police (3). It is in the main an account, by no means very amply furnished with *pièces*, of the eminent detective Stieber, who died two years ago.

M. Plon's well-got-up volumes of voyages and travels seldom lack interest, and M. Bonvalot's Central Asian experiences (4) (or the first instalment of them, for they are not yet finished) are quite worthy of a place in the collection. Some three years ago M. Bonvalot and a friend were, it seems, charged by the French Government with a scientific mission in the heart of Asia. Drought in the desert made the Orenburg route difficult, if not impassable; so they took the long détour by Semipalatinsk to Tashkend. Then they zigzagged about between Tashkend, Bokhara, Samarkand, and the Afghan frontier, returning by Khiva and Krasnovodsk. This volume sketches the first part of the route as far as the Oxus and the Afghan marches. There is a good map borrowed and adapted from Colonel Barnaby, some fair sketches, and plenty of varied information, chiefly of an ethnological kind. Politics M. Bonvalot seems rather to eschew; but, if any English statesman at the present time could spare a few moments from the great task of dithering the other party, it might be worth his while to read the remarks on Afghan relations to England and Russia which are given here partly from Afghan lips. After all, however, there is nothing new in it, and those who have withheld the practical lessons of the last dozen years are not likely to be converted by a chance page in a French book of travels.

It would not be very dangerous to lay a small bet against any one anticipating the exact contents of M. Bouillier's clever and amusing book (5). He has not in the least taken the reverend names of psychology and ethics in vain, and he has by no means slipped into the dreary kind of bookmaking which philosophical light literature usually involves. But his book is really "de l'esprit sur la psychologie," and, what is more, "de l'esprit" which is not at all out of place. On the subjects of dreaming and the control of dreams, of time and the general way of looking at it, on the life of Antoine de la Salle (not by any means the Antoine de la Salle whom all readers of French ought to know if they do not, but the translator of Bacon), on the way the living think of the dead, and so forth, M. Bouillier has written a series of capital moral essays showing a wide knowledge of literature, a considerable acquaintance with human nature, a pleasant fancy, and an accomplished pen. One too often wonders nowadays where French gaiety, in the sense of the word in which Montaigne and Montesquieu were gay, has gone. M. Bouillier is not a Montaigne or a Montesquieu; but, if there were more writers like him, the wonder would cease.

M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu's valuable monograph on Nicholas Milutine (6) scarcely lends itself to brief notice; but, whether an opportunity may or may not present itself of dealing with it at length, it deserves to be introduced to readers here. Important

(1) *L'influence du concile de Trent sur la littérature et les arts chez les peuples catholiques*. Par C. Dejob. Paris: Thorin.

(2) *Le fils de Pierre le grand*. Par le vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *La police secrète prussienne*. Par Victor Tissot. Paris: Dentu.

(4) *De Moscou en Bactriane*. Par G. Bonvalot. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Etudes familières de psychologie et de morale*. Par F. Bouillier. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Un homme d'état russe*. Par Anatole Leroy Beaulieu. Paris: Hachette.

as Russian affairs are to England, and largely as English knowledge of them has increased of late years, the Czar's Empire is, perhaps, still that one of the great States of Europe whose *personnel*, with the exception of a very few prominent statesmen, is least known among us. Milutine, indeed, belongs to the past, not the present, and has been more than ten years dead. But he is scarcely the less important in reference to questions the influence of which on the policy and history of Russia are very far from exhausted, or even come to full effect. M. Leroy Beaulieu works on partly unpublished documents, and is no novice in the study of Russian affairs.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Rev. R. B. Gardiner, M.A., has produced a book which a right-minded man who has been at St. Paul's School should take care to possess. It is not exactly amusing, as its title shows. *The Admission Registers of St. Paul's School from 1748 to 1876* (Bell & Sons) sounds like nothing but lists of names, and the book is mostly made up of that. There are, however, some exceptions, such as short biographical notices of famous Paulines, Marlborough among them, and some interesting appendices, containing Colet's rules and will, and some notes on the early history of the school. Mr. Gardiner has illustrated his book with facsimiles of the cover of the statutes of the school and of the original manuscript. There is also a copy of the portrait said to be by Holbein at Windsor, and several ground-plans.

It is to be feared that very few persons indeed know anything about the poet Nicoll. That there was such a person, that he came to edit a Radical paper at Leeds, and died young many years ago, appear to be the chief facts to be learnt about him from Mr. P. R. Drummond's Life (Paisley: Alex. Gardner). The quotations from Nicoll given by his biographer are generally schoolboy essays on the question "whether have riches or knowledge the greater influences on society," and things of that kind. Mr. Nicoll's critical faculty and sagacity are fairly illustrated by his remarkable statement that Coleridge was a man of great intellect who was ruined by "our accursed aristocracy."

It has been observed before, and will no doubt have to be frequently observed again, that people who write travels in India seem to think it necessary to get rid of their sense of the ridiculous. Mr. Aubrey, the author of *Letters from Bombay* (Remington & Co.), is no exception. He is apparently acquainted with his subject, and has seen more than the mere surface of Anglo-Indian and native society. In particular he seems to be familiar with the Parsees. With this outfit of knowledge he might have produced a useful book, but he has spoilt his chance by indulging in a great deal of would-be picturesque eloquence and laborious fun. He talks about "combined cataclysms," and points out this and that in the style of a showman.

Brahmoism: or, History of Reformed Hinduism, from its Origin in 1830, under Rajah Mohun Roy, to the Present Time: with a particular account of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen's connexion with the movement (E. Bordon Hunt) is a somewhat lengthy title. It has the advantage of stating clearly what the author, Mr. Ram Chandra Bose, M.A., has attempted to do. We shall not venture to decide how far he has done it; but he writes in a fair spirit, and with all the appearance of knowing his subject. Mr. Bose deals with Brahmoism from the point of view of a Christian missionary.

Under the title of *Life at Puget Sound: with Sketches of Travel* (Boston: Lee & Shepard; London: Trübner & Co.) Miss Caroline C. Leighton has published a series of letters written during a series of years. They contain descriptions and observations made in many places besides Puget Sound, including San Francisco. Miss Leighton began her adventures by a shipwreck in the West Indies, and saw many new and strange things. She writes about all of them like a shrewd observer, and in a commendably simple straightforward style.

A converted opponent is always a good supporter; even if he does not argue our case well, he is a living proof of the force of our arguments and the soundness of our opinions. Therefore Mr. C. R. Haines, who has written *A Vindication of England's Policy with regard to the Opium Trade* (Allen & Co.), deserves encouragement. He started by believing in the Anti-Opium Society, and has ended by seeing that their fine sentiments have led them into talking nonsense. He has accordingly written his little book to set forth the facts of the case.

Mr. A. Mackie has edited a school edition of *Macaulay's Milton* (Longmans & Co.) "to illustrate the laws of Rhetoric and Composition." He has not chosen a particularly happy model for the instruction of youth. A collection of scraps of prose and verse called *Tennis Cuts and Quips*, edited by Mr. Julian Marshall, in the usual oblong form, has issued from the teeming press of Messrs. Field & Tuer. We have received the first number of a new *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* ("Illustrated London News"). It is, perhaps, inconveniently large in size, but the illustrations, though not as well printed as they should be, and consequently a trifle scrappy, are dashingly drawn. Some naval sketches by Mr. Overend are particularly good. We have also to notice the Summer Supplement of the *Argosy* (Bentley & Son), and *Summer Days*, the Holiday Number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* (Cassells & Co.). Our reprints are a nineteenth edition of Tate's *Modern Canistis* (Ellingham Wilson), a second edition of Mr. May's *Greenhouse Management* (Upcott Gill), a one-volume edition of Love

the Debt, by Basil (Smith, Elder, & Co.), a railway edition of *Airy Fairy Lillies*, by the author of *Phyllis* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), and a handy volume of Mrs. Gaskell's *Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales* (Smith, Elder, & Co.).

Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall have been well advised in undertaking their venture of a reprint of the First Folio in separate plays and in the form of a handy, well-printed, and well-papered square 16mo. (*Mr. William Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet*. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.). The reproduction appears to be exact, the appearance is good, and the price low. These are qualities which, joined to large, readable print and convenient size, ought to make the issue popular.

We noticed the pamphlets, prize essays, handbooks, and reports of the Fisheries Exhibition last year too fully to make it necessary to do more than chronicle the reappearance of the whole set of documents in twelve handsome volumes (*Fisheries Exhibition Literature*. 12 vols. London: Clowes & Sons). Few more valuable collections on a special subject and with reference to a special occasion can ever have appeared.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION.—The ANNUAL MEETING of the CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION will be held at the National Society's Rooms, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, on Monday, July 7, at 3 P.M. The Right Hon. the Earl of POWIS in the Chair.

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